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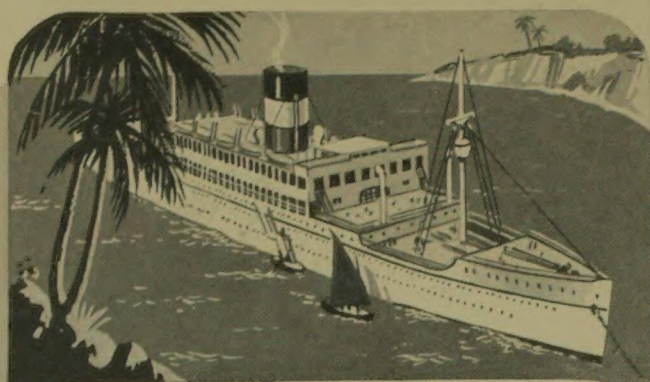


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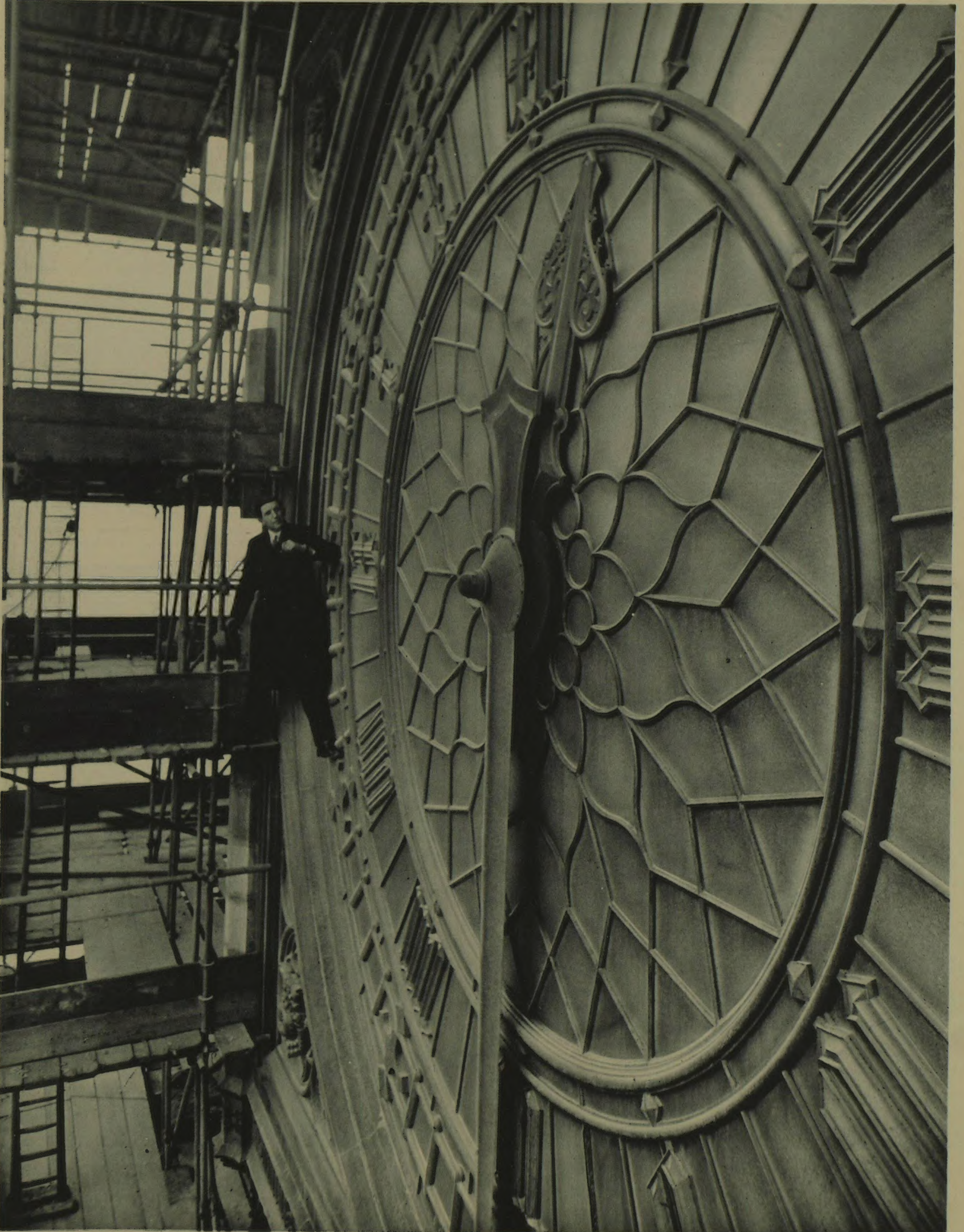
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1938.



THE CLOCK WHICH WILL USHER IN THE NEW YEAR TO-NIGHT FOR MILLIONS OF PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY: "BIG BEN"; SHOWING THE SIZE OF ONE OF THE DIALS COMPARED WITH A MAN.

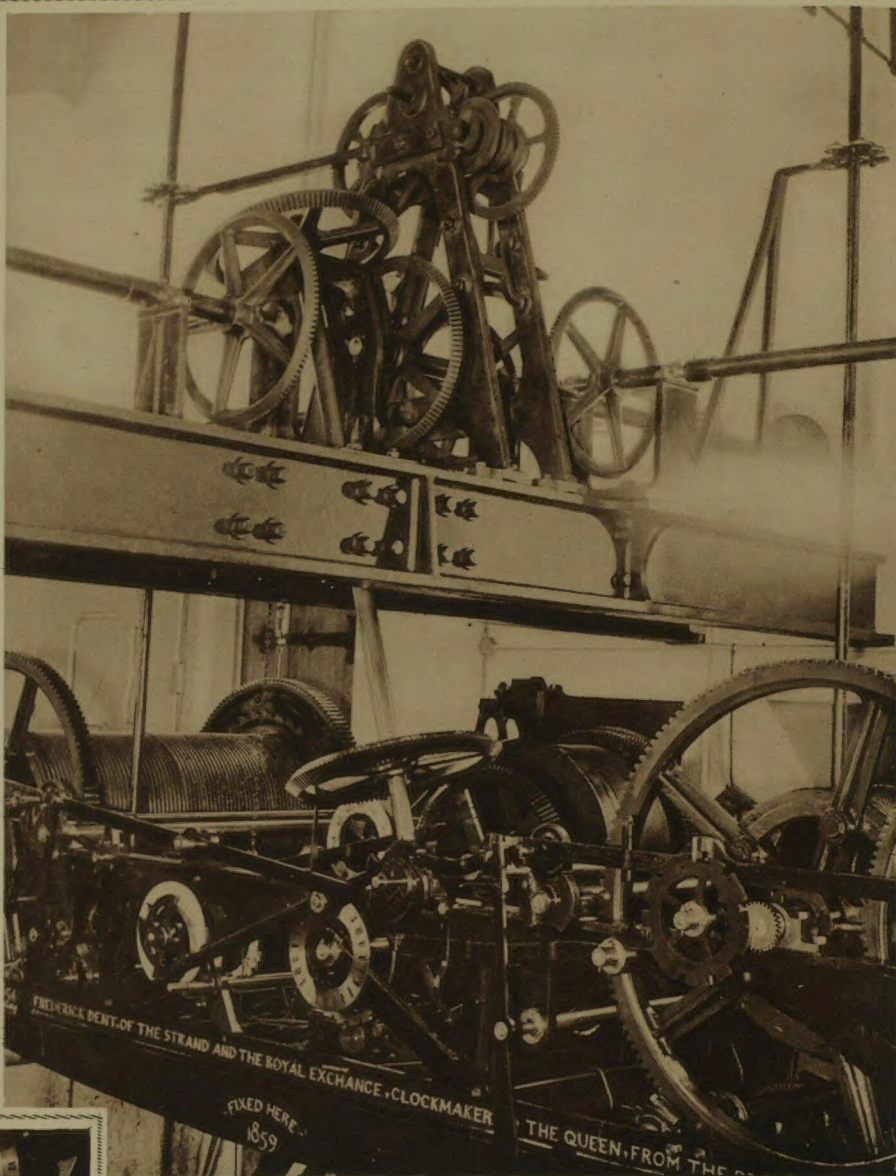
PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE.

SIDELIGHTS ON "BIG BEN," WHOSE CHIMES WILL BRING IN THE NEW YEAR.

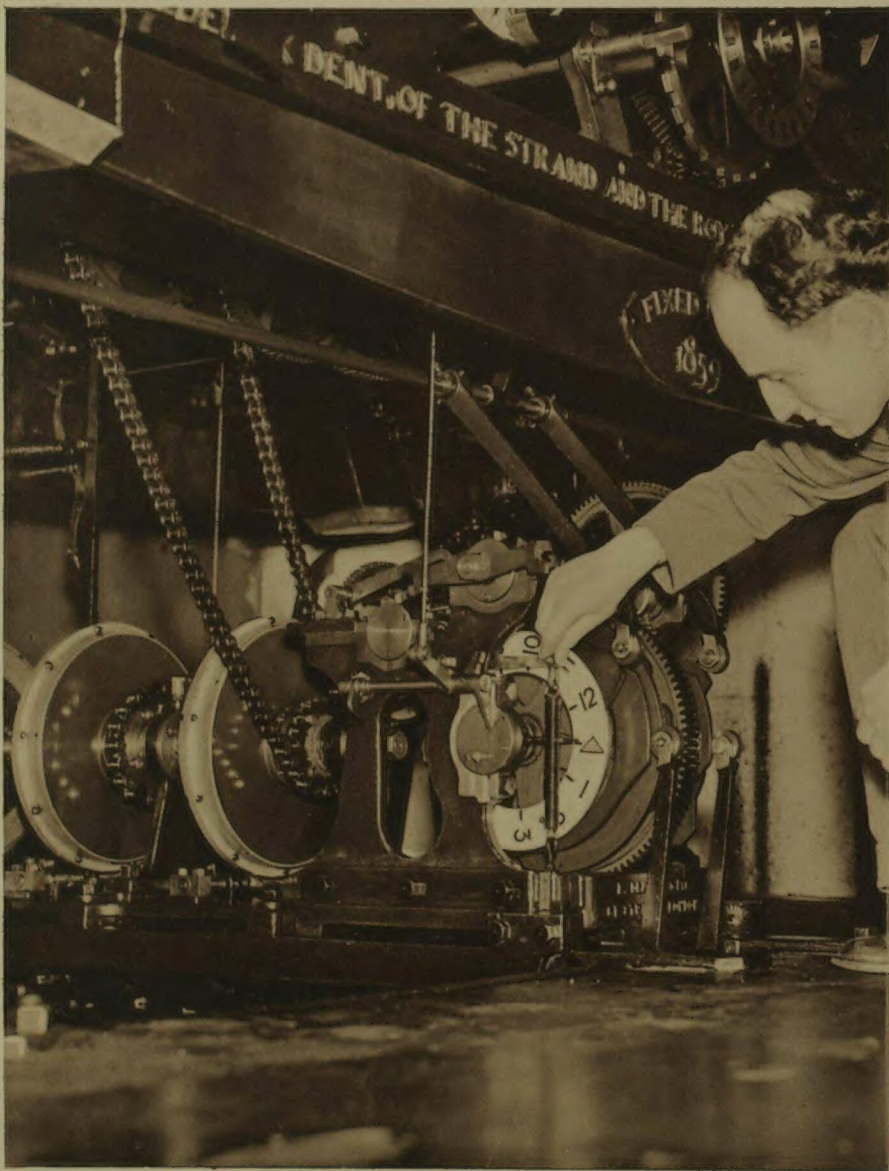
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.



ENSURING THAT THE VAGARIES OF OUR CLIMATE SHALL NOT AFFECT THE CLOCKWORK: A RADIATOR IN THE CLOCK-CHAMBER WHICH MAINTAINS AN EVEN TEMPERATURE.



THE CLOCK-WORKS—FIXED IN THE CLOCK-TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BY MESSRS. F. DENT, THE FAMOUS CLOCK-MAKERS, IN 1859.



REQUIRING LESS EFFORT TO WIND UP THAN A WRIST-WATCH: "BIG BEN"—SHOWING THE LEVER WHICH, ON THE PRESSURE OF TWO FINGERS, OPERATES THE ELECTRIC MOTOR.



IN KEEPING WITH THE SIZE OF "BIG BEN": ONE OF THE ENORMOUS TOOLS USED FOR MAKING ADJUSTMENTS TO THE MACHINERY.

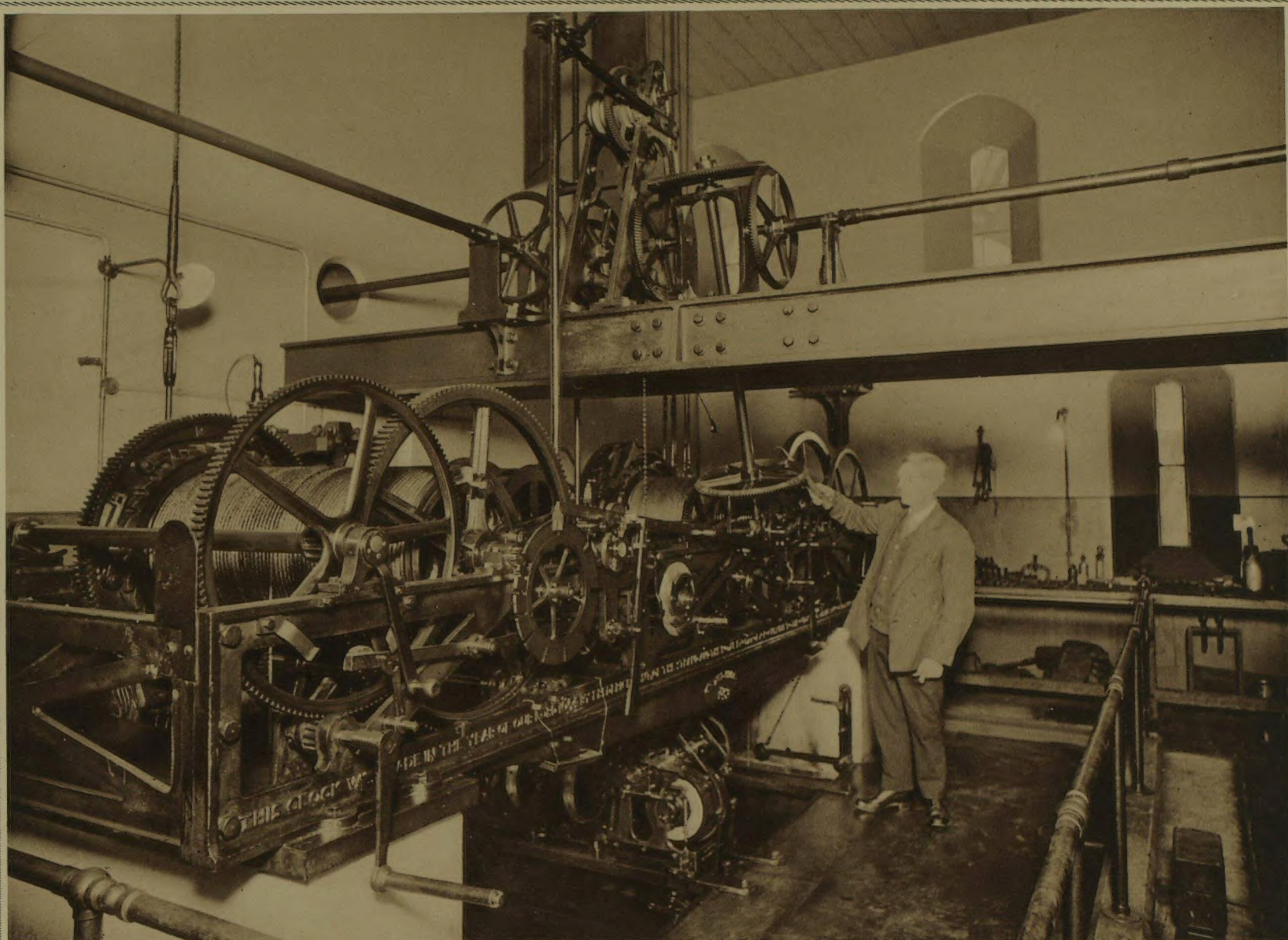
With the first stroke of twelve on the great bell, "Big Ben," to-night (December 31), the best-known clock in the world will usher in the New Year, not only for the expectant crowds in the streets round Westminster, but also for many millions of people throughout the country who will be waiting for the chimes to be

broadcast—as is usual at the conclusion of a B.B.C. programme. Some facts about "Big Ben" may therefore be of general interest at this time. The clock is not automatically synchronised, or controlled, but twice a day it telegraphs its time to Greenwich Observatory, which enables its performance to be constantly

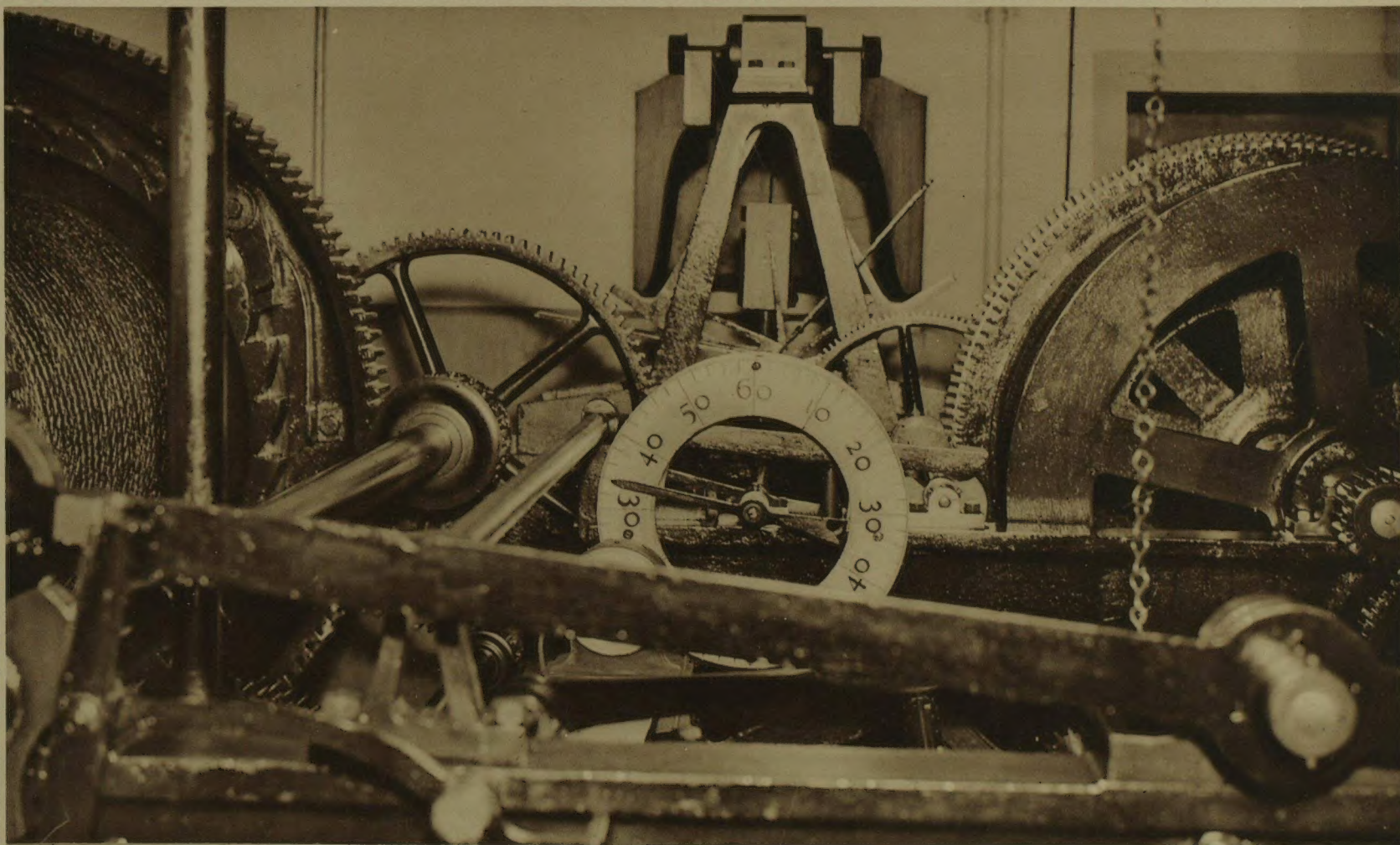
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THE MECHANISM OF A GIANT CLOCK: "BIG BEN'S" LARGE-SCALE CLOCKWORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.



THE MECHANISM OF "ONE OF THE FINEST TIMEKEEPERS IN THE WORLD": "BIG BEN'S" CLOCKWORK WHICH TURNS THE HANDS, STRIKES THE HOURS ON THE GREAT BELL "BIG BEN," FROM WHICH THE CLOCK OBTAINS ITS POPULAR NAME, AND PLAYS A SET OF CHIMES.



THE COG-WHEELS OF A GIANT CLOCK: A VIEW OF THE MECHANISM; SHOWING (IN FOREGROUND) A SECONDS DIAL WHICH RELEASES A BALANCE CAUSING THE MINUTE HANDS TO MOVE ROUND THE BIG DIALS OF THE CLOCK—A DISTANCE OF A HUNDRED MILES A YEAR.

Continued. The figures for parts of the clock are extremely interesting. The four dials are each 23 ft. in diameter, the centres being 180 ft. from the ground. The numerals are 2 ft. long, and the minute hands are 14 ft. long and weigh 2 cwt. each; they are made of copper and travel a distance equal to a hundred

miles a year. The hour hands are 9 ft. long and weigh 6 cwt. each; they are made of gunmetal. Winding is effected by an electric motor three times a week and is the simplest job imaginable; as far as man power is concerned, it consists of pressing a lever—the pressure of two fingers being sufficient.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT takes all sorts to make a world and one man's meat is another man's poison. Last year I spent my New Year's Eve with some old and kind friends who entertained me lavishly with all the most up-to-date delights of the season. I dined in company with many strangers, all of them in the most festive mood, in a very expensive restaurant; was taken to the theatre; was ensconced in a great limousine for half-an-hour in a New Year's traffic block in Piccadilly Circus while a howling mob of youths—nearly all of them presumably strangers to one another—made whoopee all round us and banged on the windows, and finally, after a dramatic rescue by mounted constabulary, was lavishly supped in a splendid house, where all thought of encircling winter was banished by the luxuriously heated air, toasting in the New Year in brimming cups of vintage champagne. It could not have been better done, and we kept it up, if I remember rightly, till after two. Yet, somehow, for all the kindness and hospitality bestowed on me, I felt a little wistful and even out of it. The entertainment the evening afforded would probably have delighted nine out of ten of my own generation, but for me there was something missing, and, apart from the joy of seeing the two old friends who were my hosts, I doubt if I was really happy. For I wanted to be somewhere else.

This year I shall be there, watching where I have seen so many new years succeed the old. The house will be quite dark, for in the village where I live (when work and London let me) we keep early hours. But I shall be standing at the window of a little seventeenth-century room looking out where countless men and women have looked out on previous New Year nights. It may be one of those ordinary still, black nights common to the English midlands at this season of the year, with not a single light in the sky and no sound but the rustling and snuffing of the cattle beyond my garden wall. It may be raining, with a soft wind from the south or south-west, with soaked primulas drinking in the border below. Or it may be a traditional December night with frost on the ground and a thousand stars sparkling through the crisp air, and the house lying like an old white ghost in that wintry glory. But whatever the weather there will be an air of waiting: of a certain familiar and hallowed suspense. And the silence will make it all the more intense, recalling the agelong significance of a great and traditional human occasion better than all the rejoicings and loud good wishes of strangers. For there is this essential difference between New Year's Eve in the city and in the country. In the former it is a pagan festival, and in the latter part of a Christian feast. Even one who is in no

sense a religious man, but, like Falstaff, little better than one of the wicked, cannot fail to be struck by the contrast. Rioting gaily in London restaurants and cabarets is at the furthest possible remove from the simple manger birth under the arch of the heavens which is still the dominating fact of the Christian New Year. For the latter falls within the Christmas feast, whereas New Year's Eve in the metropolis is merely the recognition of a recurrent landmark in

bygone centuries of Christian belief and worship and the dead men and women from whom we sprang are plucking at the chords of our inner consciousness. We are still under the spell of that other mystical and symbolical night of a week earlier. The words of an old carol start to ring in the mind: "It came upon the midnight clear." Here we are watching a spectacle as solemn and eternal as any man's eyes can behold. To those with even a little imagination

the grandest show the city proffers is nothing to this. And we are more than spectators, for, by our realisation of what the still night signifies, we are ourselves participating in it. We are beholding and experiencing a miracle: one no less because every man and every age has been able to take part in it if he will. Not only is all living mankind symbolically linked by the occasion as by the cheering crowds and the toasts in the streets and taverns round Piccadilly, but the whole human race, past, present and future, is for the moment made one. All the generations that have ever been or are to be are waiting there in the dark night, wondering and listening.

Presently the bells will begin to ring—from every grey church tower within earshot. Across the wet, green fields the sound will come, rising and falling with the undulations of the wind. And beyond the bells heard will be other bells, not audible to the terrestrial ear, but pealing for all that out of the night with a sweet and joyous clarity from the shires that lie beyond sight and hearing. For men listening to the furthest bell within range of my straining ears will hear other bells that I cannot, and these, again, will link one to more distant audiences. The circle of consciousness grows and grows by giant leaps till it includes the whole earth. As clearly as the loved and invisible meadows and hedges that encircle the dark garden I shall see in vision the North Buckinghamshire landscape sloping away to an encircling horizon of rejoicing bells, and simultaneously imagine other scenes known and loved by me in the past—stone villages in folds of the Cotswolds and high white Wiltshire walls where pollards wind fantastically across the water-meadows and Celtic sanctuaries amid the stark, windswept slopes of Cornwall. Here also the

bells will be clanging as though the spirits of men were gone mad with sudden jubilation: some great discovery having been made, some new America of the soul. For in those midnight minutes the whole of Christendom, that great catholic union of the living and the dead, is at one with itself, realising with rejoicing the significance of its existence and recognising amid all the disappointments and shocks of the terrestrial hurly-burly that man is the heir to a great estate.



THE KING'S CHRISTMAS-TREE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A FEATURE OF A SPECIAL CHILDREN'S SERVICE AT WHICH GIFTS WERE PRESENTED FOR REFUGEES AND CHILDREN IN HOSPITALS.

Besides the two Christmas-trees presented to St. Paul's (one of which was illustrated in our issue of December 24), the King also gave a tree to Westminster Abbey. This was decorated and placed at the West End of the Abbey. On December 22 a special Children's Service was held, during which the children were marshalled in procession round the Abbey, and presented their gifts as they passed the Christmas-tree. It was requested that these gifts should take the form of money for the refugee children from Central Europe, or toys for the children in Westminster hospitals. (*Wide World*.)

the secular calendar. The old year is out and the new year, which we hope will be rather more prosperous, is in. There is little more to it than that, and we join hands with strangers and sing "Auld Lang Syne," conscious, at least for the moment, that, being mortals, we are all in the same boat and might as well put a friendly, convivial face on it.

But in the stillness of the country night we hear sounds that the din of the city drowns. All the

THE LITTLE PRINCESSES GO TO SEE THEIR OWN DOLLS ON EXHIBITION.



THE VISIT OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE TO THE EXHIBITION OF THE DOLLS PRESENTED TO THEM BY THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE, HELD AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: T.R.H. AT THE FLOWER-STALL MADE FOR THE DOLLS, "FRANCE" AND "MARIANNE."

Before leaving for Sandringham Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose called at St. James's Palace for a thorough inspection of the dolls presented to them by the children of France, which are being exhibited there. They were very much entertained, for they had not seen these gifts fully laid out before; and they found many surprises. The two dolls, "France" and "Marianne," in addition to, being well provided for every occasion of a doll's life, have their own flower-shop, at which the

Princesses are seen in this photograph. The St. James's Palace Exhibition, held in aid of the Princess Elizabeth Hospital for Children and also a French charity, was originally timed to close on Christmas Eve, but owing to its great popularity it opened again on Boxing Day for an indefinite period. Before the intense cold the attendance averaged 1600 visitors a day, and when the schools closed it was hoped to reach this total again. (L.N.A.)

WHEN 1938 GAVE PROMISE OF A SNOWY SCENES AND WINTER BEAUTIES FROM

"CHRISTMAS CARD" CHRISTMAS: LONDON, THE COUNTRY, AND FROM PARIS.



THE BEAUTY OF THE ENGLISH WOODLAND SCENE UNDER SNOW: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT BIRCH GROVE, ON THE EDGE OF ASHDOWN FOREST. (Times Photo.)



A TRADITIONAL WINTER EFFECT IN LONDON: THE SCENE ON LUDGATE HILL LOOKING DOWN FROM THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S. (Wife World.)



"LONDONERS" WHO FOUND THE SNOWY WEATHER MUCH TO THEIR TASTE: PENGUINS ON THE ICICLE-HUNG RAMP OF THEIR POOL AT THE ZOO. (Pland.)



FANTASTIC FROST-ARTISTRY: "BAROQUE-STYLE" ICICLES FORMED ON A HEDGE BY SPRAY FROM AN OVERFLOW PIPE AT EASTBOURNE GAS-WORKS. (A.P.)



IN LINCOLN'S INN: AN ARCHWAY FRAMING THE SNOW-COVERED PRECINCTS. (Times Photo.)



AN OPEN-AIR CHRISTMAS-TREE AMID THE SNOW: A PRETTY EFFECT ON THE CAMPUS AT WELWYN GARDEN CITY. (Times Photo.)



A THOUGHT FOR THE BIRDS, TO WHOM THE HEAVY SNOW AND FROST BROUGHT MANY HARDSHIPS: FEEDING DUCKS AND SEAGULLS IN REGENT'S PARK. (S. and G.)



IN THE WEST END: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN NEAR HYDE PARK CORNER. (Times Photo.)



AT OFFORD, IN KENT: THE CHURCH TOWER IN A WINTER SETTING WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN DESIGNED BY OSTADE OR RUISSAEL. (Times Photo.)



A FROST-MASTERPIECE FROM PARIS, WHERE VERY HEAVY WEATHER WAS EXPERIENCED: FLOWER-LIKE TRACKERY UPON A FLORIST'S WINDOW. (Krystone.)

slowed down, or dislocated. On the Continent conditions were also very severe, and there were great accumulations of ice on the Loire, the Rhine, and the Elbe. A subsequent slight thaw in England was followed by more snow, giving promise of a traditional, white Christmas.

THE coldest day in December for twenty-five years turned London and most of England into a picturesque Christmas-card country: whose inhabitants also had the inconveniences that go with an "old-world" winter forcibly brought home to them, when they found bus and train services

(Continued opposite.)

NATURE'S CHRISTMAS CARDS: THE COUNTRYSIDE TRANSFORMED BY SNOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "THE TIMES."



THE COUNTRYSIDE IN UNFAMILIAR GUISE, RESEMBLING THE TRADITIONAL SCENES DEPICTED ON CHRISTMAS CARDS: A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF TOPCLIFFE, IN THE NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE, AFTER THE HEAVY FALL OF SNOW WHICH WAS EXPERIENCED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.



SUNSHINE AND SNOW IN SUSSEX: THE EFFECT OF TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS WEATHER ON A WOODLAND GLADE AT BIRCH GROVE, NEAR ASHDOWN FOREST—THE SCENE BEING REMINISCENT OF A VIEW IN SWITZERLAND WITH THE WARM SUNLIGHT ON THE SNOW-DRIFTS AND SNOW-LADEN TREES.

The heavy fall of snow before Christmas which was experienced throughout the country, gave familiar views a picturesque wintry appearance which we associate with Christmas cards—usually the sole link with the traditional weather of the

Christmas Festival as depicted by Dickens. Our photographs were taken at Topcliffe, in the North Riding, where a number of farms were isolated, and at Birch Grove, in Sussex. They would make suitable subjects for cards next year!

HABITS AND HABITATS OF STRANGE CREATURES.

"ZACA VENTURE": By WILLIAM BEEBE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. BEEBE is one of the most attractive of contemporary zoological writers, especially when he writes about fish. He is a thoroughly adventurous scientist and has descended, in his "bathysphere," to oceanic depths of which previous divers never dreamed, finding many new and strange forms of life. On the trip he now describes he was mostly on the surface, using trawl and harpoon, though he did now and then don a diving-suit and go for a little constitutional on the sea-floor, to return the stares of the big and little fish which sailed around him.

The "Zaca" is a two-masted Diesel schooner, a hundred and eight feet over all, with a gross tonnage of eighty-four. Her owner, Mr. Templeton Crocker, a well-known Californian, invited Mr. Beebe to spend two months with him, exploring the fauna of the Gulf of California. They resolved not to indulge in haphazard dredging and netting, but to concentrate on a few especially interesting places. These were Inez Bay, Cape San Lucas and the adjoining banks, and Clarion Island, which lies out in the Pacific.

Of this last I confess that I had never previously heard, and it has the fascination of all remote islands uninhabited by man. "Four hundred miles south-west of Cape San Lucas the bottom of the Pacific pushes abruptly up through two miles of blank, inky depths into the warm sunlight, and on for another thousand feet. This bit of dry land, measuring two by six miles, is known as Clarion Island." It is ringed with high, precipitous cliffs, and "there was only one short extent of shore in the entire circumference, possibly fifty yards in width, where it was possible for a boat to land."

The natural history of the place is rich and peculiar. As the visitors approached it they saw colonies of boobies, frigate-birds and a dozen mating turtles. "On our first walk we saw four species of birds, a snake, and a lizard which are peculiar to this two-by-six speck in mid-ocean. . . . A brown, wren-like, yet warbler-like bird flew up from the beach and sang a short, zizzing song with a catch in it, more like that of a warbler than a wren. This, however, was the brown Clarion wren, living here and nowhere else in the world. A dove flushed from our path, and a turquoise lizard appeared and vanished in the same second of time; both were natives and peculiar to Clarion." There were ravens, burrowing owls and scarlet crabs; the pools teemed with vivid fish, and there were whales in the offing. But few molluscs were to be found in the stones; the ceaseless pounding of the waves is too much for them.

There are fascinating accounts of watching fish through water-glasses hung over the side. Once they caught a tiger-shark, which they hauled ashore with block and tackle. "The hook had fallen out of its mouth during its first struggles, but both hook and line were twisted about the head and body so tightly that it could not free itself, and had been harpooned from the deck. The liver alone weighed two hundred and ten pounds and the entire animal totalled seven hundred and fifty, and measured twelve feet and nine inches over all. . . . This female tiger-shark had eaten two large shearwaters, a good-sized green turtle, shell and all, a large porcupine-fish, a full-grown grouper and several small ones." The shearwaters are a surprise. We know that pike eat ducklings, but I did imagine that sea-birds had the sense to keep out of the way of sharks.

This fish was a minnow compared with one caught off the Californian coast. One day off Arena they sighted an immense fin, with a second fin so far behind that they thought there were two or three sharks in file. "The 'Zaca' held on her course, but the wandering fins foamed, finally turned towards us, and passed close. I happened

to be some distance up the ratlines, and as I looked down I saw the water suddenly filled with a multitudinous pattern of white spots: a single giant whale-shark, largest of all living fish, and one of the rarest of sharks, was slowly swimming past." Mr. Beebe got into the launch with

his Samoan harpooners, came alongside the monster and struck, simultaneously putting two revolver-shots into its head. The shark dived deep and came up again, dragged by the empty petrol drum which was fastened to the harpoon. After an hour it was got alongside the ship; as soon as it felt the pull of the ship it "tore out the harpoon as if it had been a pin, and was off." There is a beautiful photograph of him swimming alongside. He was forty-two feet long. Less than a hundred of these gentle sharks have ever been recorded; Mr. Beebe accepts sixty-three feet as the length of the biggest observed so far—about the length of a cricket-pitch.

But size and records interest him less than most people. As long as he can get scientific information about habits and habitats he does not mind whether he gets it from large specimens, or small ones; and his chief delight seems to be in creatures of which the "largest ever" would only run to inches—snails, starfish, hermit-crabs and pearl-fish. To those who glibly argue that the colours of animals must be either protective against their foes or attractive to the other sex, or must at least have some easy evolutionary explanation, I commend Mr. Beebe's passages on the pearl-fish—for example: "This was an elongate, eel-like being of whose life we know little, except that it seems to spend most of its days and nights in the black interior of these sea-cucumbers or, what would seem more pleasant accommodations, within the shells of pearl oysters. Some of the characters of pearl-fish seemed reasonably connected with their peculiarly living quarters, such as the thin, papery skulls—heavy bones being useless; also, transparent skin through which the backbone and blood-vessels show plainly. The pectoral fins were fleshy, more serviceable in pushing about among the various internal organs of their hosts than in swimming in the open sea. But it was difficult

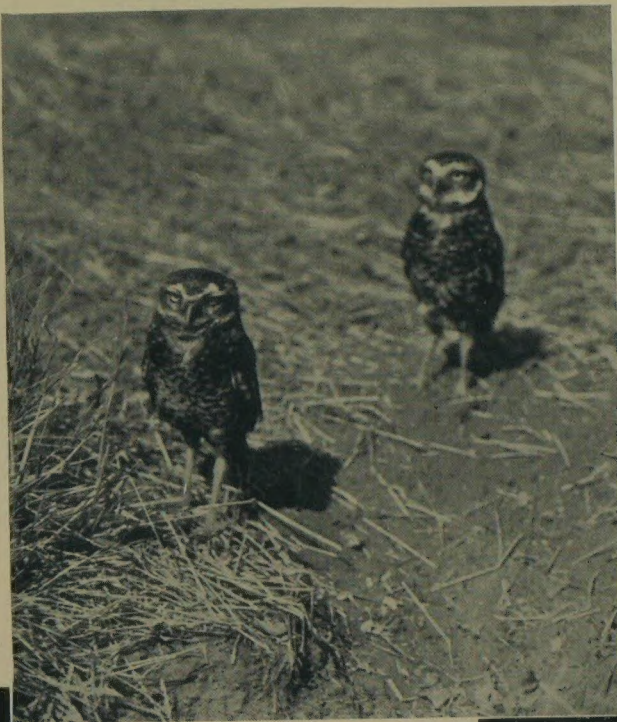
to explain why the lips and the interior of the mouth should be black and the body cavity silvery; or why the eyes on the flattened head were so arranged that their normal gaze was upward. In full sunlight the colour of the fish was a blazing intermingling of iridescent silver, bronze and blue, obviously a by-product and a complete antithesis to their dark abode."

A thing which greatly impressed Mr. Beebe on his cruise was the localisation of species. Down to a certain degree of latitude a certain kind of fish would be found; beyond that only its more southerly congener; and one dredging would bring up swarms of one kind of animal and no other, and the next swarms of another and none of the first. The sea also has its pastures which suit certain kinds of creature, as, on land, heather

will suit grouse and bogs snipe. "The concentration of single species carried on through many groups—four hundred box-crabs in one haul, thousands of small lobsters in another. But the climax came when dredge number eighteen on 'Gorda' rose to the surface. We thought, at first glance, that we had torn up vast quantities of some fluffy kind of seaweed. Festooned over the frame were trailing strands and great masses of orange substance, of which, as the dredge approached the stern, large quantities were constantly washed away and sank. When we had the catch on board, the substance materialised into enormous numbers of living, orange, brittle serpent-stars inextricably tangled. They were impossible to count in the usual way, so we found that there were about two hundred and fifty in a pound."

Their catch, in hand numbered at least twenty-five thousand. The author adds: "There were two hundred and forty spines on each of the arms; twelve hundred spines on each starfish; thirty million; eight hundred and forty thousand spines in the pile before me. My head buzzed at these astronomical figures, and I smiled at the conceit of our grandfathers, who believed that beauty and perfection in nature were for man's delectation alone."

Mr. Beebe, hard though he works, is capable of awe. On that account much more than his occasional facetiousness might be forgiven him. His photographs are splendid.



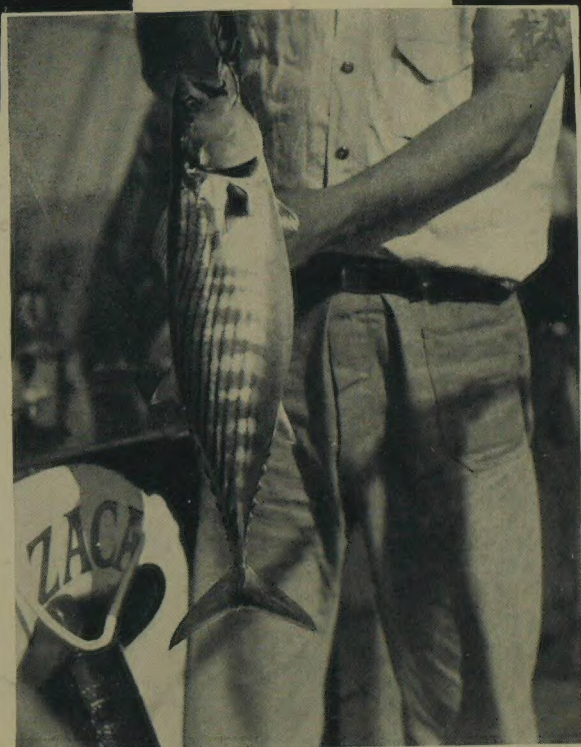
WITH MR. WILLIAM BEEBE, OF "BATHYSPIHERE" FAME, ON HIS NEW EXPEDITION, IN THE PACIFIC: TWO OF THE STRANGE BURROWING OWLS SEEN ON THE SMALL, UNINHABITED ISLAND OF CLARION, OFF MEXICO.

Mr. William Beebe, whose exploits in the exploration of the ocean depths have been fully described in our pages, tells of the work of the "Templeton Crocker Expedition of the New York Zoological Society," in the Pacific, in his new book, "Zaca Venture." The island of Clarion is of great interest for the species found there and nowhere else. The Clarion Burrowing Owls (*Speotyto cunicularia rostrata*) proved to be quite without fear, and watched the visitors from the entrance of their burrows, giving "stiff jerky bows."

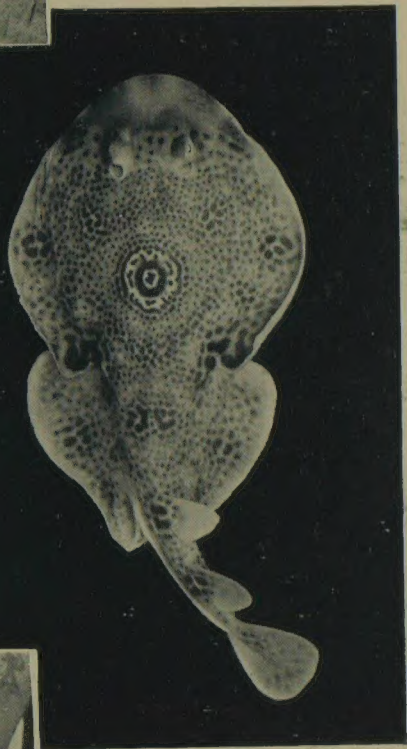
Reproductions from "Zaca Venture," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane the Bodley Head



THE SINGING FISH (*PORICHTHYS*), WHICH LOOKS LIKE A FULL-GROWN TADPOLE, CAN HUM ALOUD, AND FROM ITS NUMEROUS SILVERY PORES SEND FORTH MUCUS OR A DIM YELLOW LIGHT!



A CALIFORNIA BONITO: A BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FISH JUST AFTER BEING LIFTED OUT OF THE WATER, SHOWING THE EVANESCENT PATTERN OF STRIPES AND BARS.



AN ELECTRIC RAY: A SMALL, FLATTENED FISH, DISTINGUISHED BY ITS BRILLIANT PATTERN AND COLORATION, AND A PAIR OF ELECTRIC ORGANS WHICH CAN GIVE A FAIRLY STRONG SHOCK.

* "Zaca Venture." By William Beebe, Sc.D., LL.D. Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society. With 24 illustrations (John Lane; 12s. 6d.).



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A PLEA FOR THE TORTOISE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

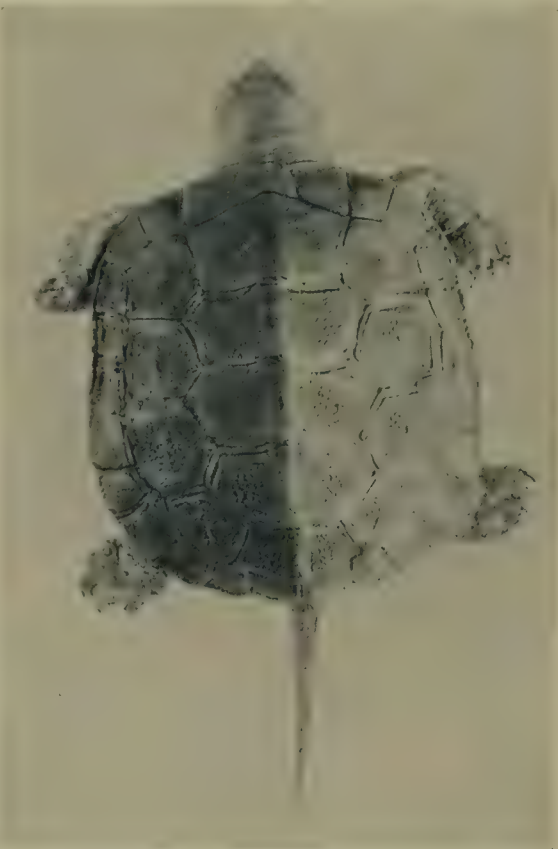
SOME very disturbing letters have been appearing in my newspaper lately concerning the importation, in enormous numbers, of tortoises, which the public are being induced to buy as "pets." But I most sincerely hope that when this matter comes to be seriously investigated it will be found—as, indeed, I believe it will—to have been much exaggerated in regard to the figures given. One dealer, we are told, advertised a new consignment of 10,000! Some of those who have written, and very properly, to protest against such a monstrous traffic tell us that the creatures arrive at the docks by the ship-load, packed in crates, and commonly lying on their backs to save space! And that in these crates they are kept in cellars or outhouses, awaiting sale. In one instance, we are told, they came as "ship's ballast"! The cruelty and callousness of this trading in the lives of perfectly harmless creatures can well be imagined, for all must suffer extreme discomfort, and large numbers are either killed outright or grievously damaged. Yet it appears to be nobody's business to put an end to importations on such a wholesale scale. Most emphatically, no bar should be placed on the importation of animals of any kind, and for many reasons, not the least of which would be the serious injury it would inflict by closing the door to our opportunities of advancing our knowledge of wild animals, and their habits and structure, by comparison with those of our own country, and with domesticated animals. But importation in tens of thousands at a time is a very different matter.

The public who buy these unfortunate tortoises know nothing as to the nature of their food, and many are persuaded to buy them as a means of getting rid of blackbeetles. The blackbeetles are much more likely to get rid of the tortoises, for they have catholic tastes, and the tortoise is a vegetarian! Tortoises are not exactly frolicsome; more lethargic creatures, indeed, it would be difficult to find. Even the slug is more lively! A few people, no doubt, buy them for a desire to study their ways, or because, for some not very well-defined reason, they find them "interesting." Old Gilbert White was one of the first of our countrymen to make any sort of study of the ways of captive tortoises. And his captive must have led a very quiet and comfortable life, to judge from the notes he has given us of its leisurely habits. There is, indeed, no reason why tortoises allowed the run of the garden should not fare quite as well, and as happily, as in a wild state. But precautions must be taken to keep them away from the strawberry-bed when the fruit is ripe. Lettuces and dandelions they are also fond of, and they should have access to water, though they rarely drink.

But what I am anxious to know is how many, and what species, are the victims of this wicked exploitation that has raised the protests now being made. For the accounts given in the Press are both inexact and conflicting in so far as details—but they are very important details—are concerned. We are told that these large consignments are of "Greek" tortoises from North Africa. But there are two species loosely called "Greek" tortoises. And we are told, again, that "geometric tortoises" are being shipped to America, largely California. What is the "geometric" tortoise referred to here? And that from the more southerly parts of Africa "leopard" tortoises and "grooved" tortoises have appeared in our markets. But why, oh, why, when kindly people take the trouble to write to the papers on this matter, do they not take just a little more trouble to find out from the British Museum of Natural History or the Zoological Gardens that

there is more than one species of each of these; and that it is quite important that more precise information should be given.

I am deeply interested in this matter, because I hate cruelty in any form. But, more than this, I want to see this hateful traffic brought under control, which can easily be done by regulating their export, and this is a matter almost entirely under the control



1. HAVING WEBBED FEET, UNLIKE THE MAJORITY OF THE TRIBE, WHICH LIVE ON LAND AND HAVE VERY "STUMPY" FEET: THE IBERIAN WATER-TORTOISE (*CLEMmys LEPTORH.*), WHICH IS FOUND IN SPAIN AND AFRICA.



2. NEARLY RELATED TO THE FAMOUS BRACKISH-WATER "DIAMOND-BACKED" TERRAPIN, SO HIGHLY PRIZED AS A DELICACY IN THE UNITED STATES: THE PAINTED-TERRAPIN (*PSEUDHEMYS ELEGANS*)—A FRESH-WATER SPECIES.



3. THE UNDER-SURFACE OF THE PAINTED-TERRAPIN: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CURIOUSLY ORNATE PATTERN—A VERY UNUSUAL FEATURE—FROM WHICH IT OBTAINS ITS NAME.

Photographs by Harold Bastin.

of our Colonial Office, with the aid—which would very certainly and gladly be given—of the Governments in Africa which are concerned.

We have an awful warning of the inevitable end to the exploitation of animal life for commercial purposes in the deplorably long list of birds and beasts which have been wiped out of existence in the past. Among these we must reckon the giant tortoises

of the Galapagos Islands, the Mascarene Islands (Bourbon, Mauritius, and Rodriguez), and in the Seychelles, which were gradually exterminated by master mariners for victualling their ships. Only a very few species now survive in Zoological Gardens. Some may tell me that the world has got on very well without them. But that is not only a very callous view, but a grievously mistaken one. Our sources of knowledge concerning "the beasts that perish" are precious. There are yet hundreds of species of the habits of which nothing is known, and but little of their structure. And this last is particularly important to those who are trying to solve the riddles of evolution. Though the pursuit of this study is, in the first place, the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, it is to be remembered it has often yielded in the past, and will again in the future, facts of prime importance to mankind at large. Let us, further, not forget that we are the trustees for posterity, which we have no right to deprive of its heritage. It is as essential that we should show at least the same zeal for the protection of these creatures of flesh and blood as we show for ancient monuments. These were built by human hands, and can be "restored" whenever we will, but living bodies blasted out of the world by man's greed or thoughtlessness can never be restored.

We ought the more to be anxious about the preservation of these tortoises because, although they can be made quite comfortable in captivity, they cannot be induced to breed, save in the case of the diamond-backed terrapin (*Macrochelys terrapin*), of North America, where it is bred on "farms" for the sake of the delicious meat which it affords. But on these "farms," it should be noted, the stock is living its ordinary "wild" life, except that wired-in enclosures prevent them from wandering. The average population of such a farm is about 40,000. As they are water, not land tortoises, their enclosure is by the bank of a river, and water from this flows freely through by means of a circular ditch. And as in a truly wild state they will eat all sorts of animals, they are fed only on what is their favourite food, shrimps and crabs, and this for the sake of the fine flavour—it imparts to the flesh.

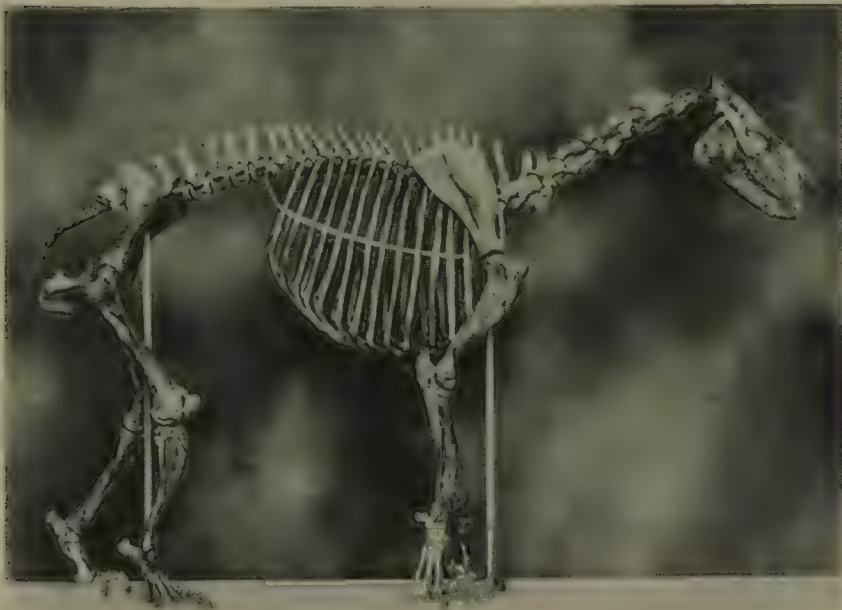
On this occasion I can say nothing of the surprising modifications of form and structure which the tortoise tribe displays, for they have contrived, in the pursuit of their daily bread, to adjust themselves to many different kinds of food, and in many very different kinds of country. Most of them are land-dwellers, some haunt rivers, and some the vast areas of the ocean, in many parts of the world.

Our readers may be interested to know that in a letter to *The Times* of Dec. 8, Captain F. MacCunn, Chief Secretary of the R.S.P.C.A., stated: "Formerly, tortoises were sent to this country packed in barrels and stowed under boilers. The mortality was high. We made representations to shippers and finally they agreed to send the creatures in crates. Subsequently, we found the crates were not satisfactory, and one of our inspectors suggested that the design should be altered, increasing the number of ventilation apertures but reducing the size, in order to avoid the possibility of

damage to the limbs and heads of tortoises protruding from the crates. A report on a recent consignment of 12,700 tortoises shows that the mortality was 1½ per cent., and in another supply of 2600 exactly 25 were dead. . . . We cannot think that the import of over 2,000,000, quoted to us by a shipper in 1935, can really be justified."

A RHINO-HIPPO-BEAR; AND A HORNED CROCODILE.

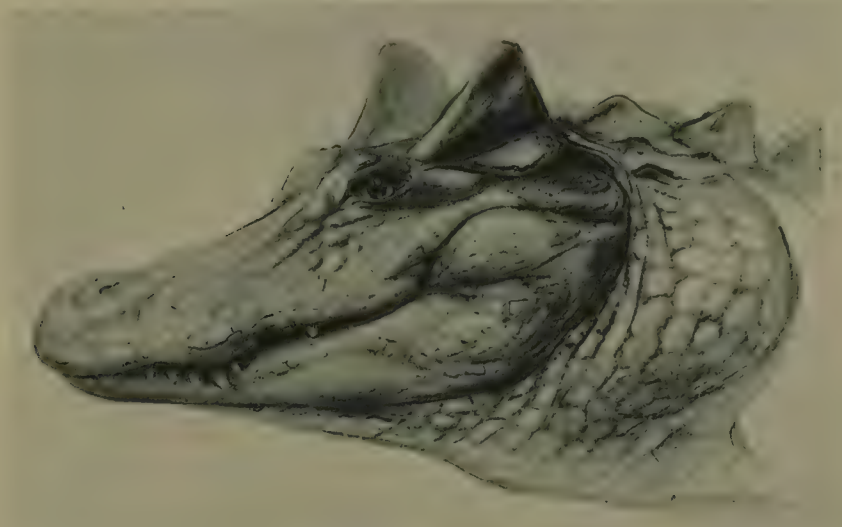
The grotesque *Moropus Cooki* lived in the Miocene age, about 20,000,000 years ago. Only a limited number of specimens have been found in sandstone formations of Nebraska and Wyoming. Fossil remains of *Moropus* were first discovered in America in 1877, when a few bones of the foot were found. Later, complete skeletons were uncovered. *Moropus* was a plant-eating animal with teeth similar in structure to those of the rhinoceros, to which it apparently bore a facial resemblance. Its feet were most peculiar for an animal bearing its other characteristics, being armed with claws instead of hoofs. The claws, apparently, were needed to give the animal a firmer footing on sandy ground, and to aid it in digging for roots or tubers as food. *Moropus* was related to prehistoric animals of Europe and Asia. It appears to have come to America from Asia, and to have died out on this continent after a comparatively short period. The skeleton has been assembled at the Field Museum, Chicago; and recently put on exhibition there.—Recently, in a collection of prehistoric remains obtained in Colorado by an expedition of the Field Museum of Natural History, there was discovered the fossil skull of a crocodile with horns—the only member of the crocodile order so equipped that has ever come to the attention of scientists. The crocodile lived in Palaeocene times, some 50,000,000 years ago.



THE SKELETON OF MOROPUS, THE STRANGE CREATURE COMBINING CHARACTERISTICS OF RHINOCEROS, HORSE AND BEAR, THAT LIVED IN NEBRASKA 20,000,000 YEARS AGO: THE COMPLETED SPECIMEN ASSEMBLED AT THE FIELD MUSEUM, CHICAGO.



A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL WITH A HEAD LIKE A RHINOCEROS, A BODY LIKE A HORSE, AND CLAWED FEET LIKE THOSE OF A GIGANTIC BEAR—A RECONSTRUCTION PAINTING OF MOROPUS; AT THE FIELD MUSEUM, CHICAGO.



A CROCODILE WITH HORNS: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BASED ON REMAINS OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN PREHISTORIC SPECIES, FOUND IN COLORADO BY A FIELD MUSEUM EXPEDITION.

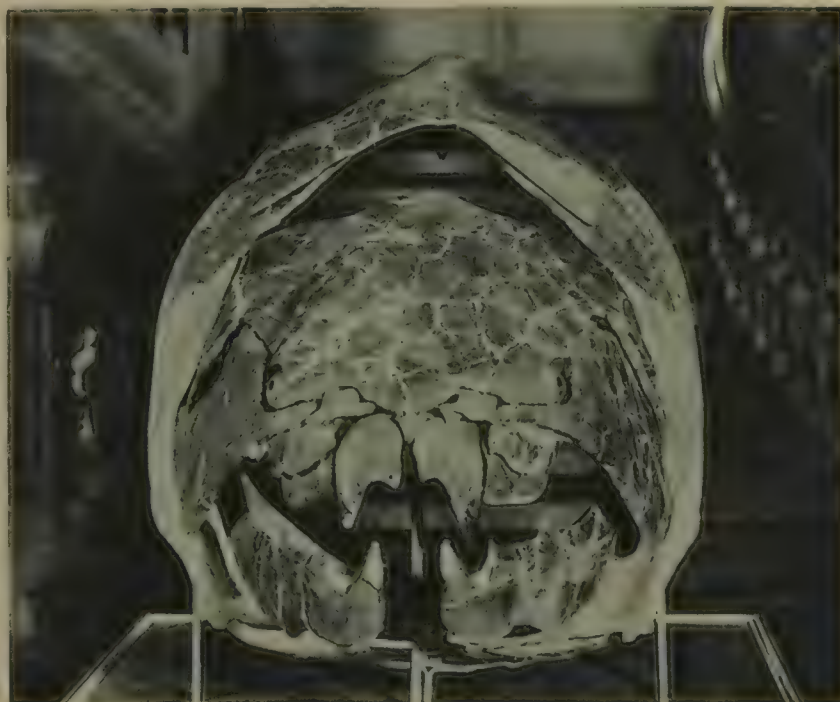
SOLVING CLEVELAND MUSEUM'S "TERRIBLE FISH" PUZZLE.



THE PUZZLE FROM WHICH THE HEAD OF THE PREHISTORIC FISH REPRODUCED BELOW WAS RECONSTRUCTED AT THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM: A JUMBLE OF CRUSHED BONES OF DINICHTHYS TERRELLI.



THE HEAD AND SHOULDER-GIRDLE OF THE NIGHTMARE PREHISTORIC FISH DINICHTHYS TERRELLI: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING MR. BUNGART, OF THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM, LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR SOLVING THE RECONSTRUCTION PUZZLE, AT WORK.



THE WICKED-LOOKING MAW OF DINICHTHYS TERRELLI: A FISH WITH SHEAR-LIKE TEETH; AND THE FRONT PART OF THE HEAD HINGED TO THE SHOULDER-GIRDLE. (Height of skull, 40 in.)

The Cleveland Museum of Natural History has recently placed on exhibition the head and shoulders of a nightmare fish which swam in the ocean which covered the State of Ohio in Devonian times some 300,000,000 years ago. Only the head and shoulders of *Dinichthys* have been found, the rest of the skeleton probably being cartilage instead of bone. The head is in two parts. The front, melon-shaped section is the head proper, the highly arched rear portion is the shoulder-girdle. The members of the family to which *Dinichthys* belongs are the only fishes known to have hinged upper jaws. With his shear-designed fangs and jaws, *Dinichthys* undoubtedly attacked sharks. This particular fish was about 30 ft. long. This head is 55 in. long, 40 in. high and 36 in. wide. It is named *terrelli* after Jay Terrell, a hotel-keeper of Lorain, Ohio, who first discovered the bones of this species about 1870. Among the Museum's 2000 finds of Cleveland shale fossil fishes, this is the outstanding specimen, not only of that collection but of the Devonian fishes of the world. It was discovered in the shale of the bank of Rocky River, near Cedar Point, Ohio, by Peter A. Bungart on June 25, 1927. For nine years it has been known as the Museum's "terrible fish" puzzle and even now there is some doubt how certain bones go together, since the various bones, some sixty-five in all, were not all found in their relative positions.

WHERE HERR HITLER DOES HIS PLANNING; AND FIELD-MARSHAL

GÖRING SPENDS HIS LEISURE: THE BERGHOF AND KARINHALL.



DESIGNED BY HERR HITLER: THE GREAT RECEPTION HALL AT THE BERGHOF, THE FÖHRER'S RESIDENCE AT BERCHTESGADEN, SHOWING THE LARGE WINDOW FROM



WHICH A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE BAVARIAN ALPS IS OBTAINED AND THE COBELINS TAPESTRY WHICH CONCEALS THE APERTURE FOR A CINEMA PROJECTOR.



FIELD-MARSHAL GÖRING'S COUNTRY HOUSE, KARINHALL: THE LIBRARY; SHOWING A LARGE GLOBE IN THE CORNER, INDICATING AN INTEREST IN WORLD AFFAIRS, AND A GLIMPSE OF THE DINING-ROOM BEYOND.

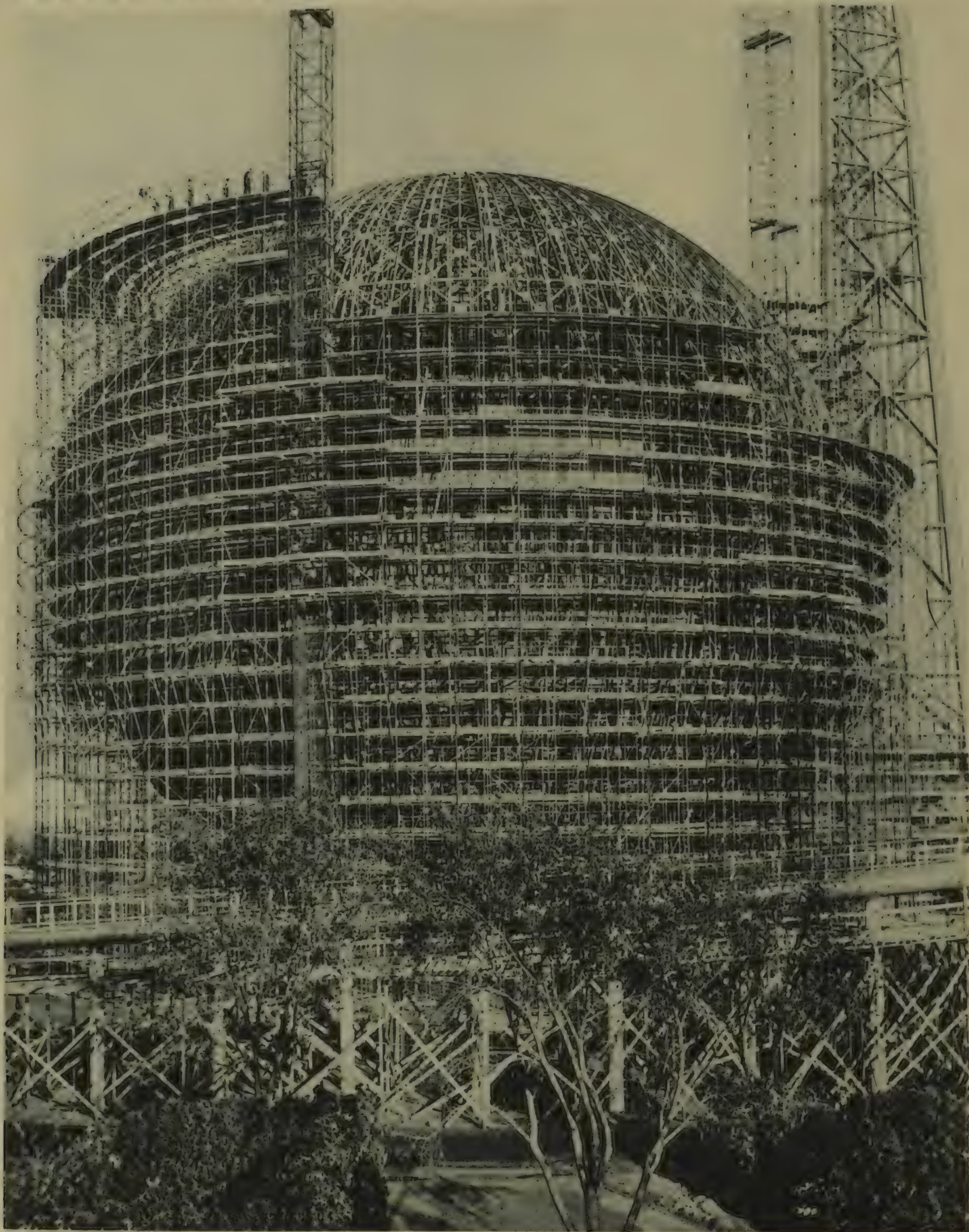
HERR HITLER'S mountain home at Berchtesgaden, the Berghof, has been the scene of two historic meetings. It was there that the Führer had his dramatic interview with Dr. Schuschnigg, before the annexation of Austria, and later with Mr. Chamberlain—the first step in the negotiations which were crowned with success at Munich. The Berghof owes its present form to the Führer himself, and his taste in house decoration is shown by the above photograph of the great reception hall, which is notable for the large window, composed of a single sheet of glass, from which is obtained a magnificent view of the Bavarian Alps with Salzburg in the distance. On the right is a Cobelins tapestry which conceals the aperture for a cinema

projector, and a similar tapestry on the opposite wall hangs over the screen. The country home of Field-Marshal Göring, Karinhall, lies in a region of forests, moor and lakes, known as the Schorfheide, some thirty miles from Berlin. There he has full scope for his love of nature and sporting pursuits. The house bears the Christian name of his first wife, who died at Stockholm in 1931. In 1934 her body was brought from Sweden and re-buried in a chapel which the Field-Marshal built near the house. Field-Marshal Göring takes a deep interest in the management of the wild life of the district and has had thousands of nesting-boxes placed in the trees for the many species of birds found there. He also preserves wild creatures.



SHOWING EVIDENCES OF FIELD-MARSHAL GÖRING'S TASTE IN ART AND HOUSE DECORATION: THE VESTIBULE OF KARINHALL ADORNED WITH PAINTINGS AND GOTHIC CARVED FIGURES BESIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE STAIRCASE.

A BALL OF STEEL TO HOUSE A PANORAMA OF THE WORLD OF TO-MORROW.



AN INTRICATE NETWORK OF SCAFFOLDING: THE STEEL-RIBBED BALL, 200 FT. HIGH, AT THE NEW YORK WORLD FAIR, RECEIVING ITS OUTER COVERING OF GYPSUM BOARD AND STUCCO IN PREPARATION FOR THE OPENING.

One of the features of the New York World Fair, which will be opened on April 30 next year, is this enormous ball of steel, 200 ft. high. Beside it will be a triangular tower 700 ft. high; the two forming the theme centre. The sphere will appear to be supported on jets of water from fountains and a special lighting device will make it seem to revolve in the clouds. Inside there will be room for 1500 people who will view, from slowly moving platforms, a passing panorama of the world of the

future. At the moment, as our photograph shows, the vast sphere is hidden behind a forest of scaffolding, while its three acres of surface are being covered with layers of gypsum board and stucco. The British Empire has the most space of the foreign exhibitors at the Fair, and the British Pavilion is expected to be more imposing than that at the Paris Exhibition. The Department of Overseas Trade has chosen Mr. Percy S. Cane to lay out a typical English garden at the Pavilion. (*Associated Press.*)

EXCAVATIONS ON THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT OLYMPIC GAMES.

NEW DISCOVERIES AT OLYMPIA, WHERE THE STATES OF ANCIENT GREECE MET PERIODICALLY IN FRIENDLY INTERNATIONAL CONTESTS.

By Prof. Dr. EMIL KUNZE, Field Director (in collaboration with Prof. Dr. HANS SCHLEIF) of excavations at Olympia on behalf of the German State Archaeological Institute, Athens Department. (See Illustrations on Pages 1232 and 1233.)

AT the inaugural celebration of the Berlin Olympiad, in the summer of 1936, Chancellor Adolf Hitler announced to the International Olympic Committee that he had resolved to carry on and complete the German excavations at Olympia, which, some sixty years ago (1876-1881), delivered this site from the masses of debris which had covered it for centuries. What had seemed a pious but unattainable desire of cultivated people in all countries had apparently been fulfilled. The venerable Altis, the sacred precinct of Zeus, was presented anew to the modern world, with its buildings, altars and statue bases. Naturally, the results obtained marked an epoch in archæology, and when the available funds were exhausted and the work had perforce to stop, the excavators could look back upon their exertions with satisfaction, and consider their task as virtually accomplished.

Yet the unexpected depth of accumulated debris had imposed certain restrictions. The sacred precinct was entirely uncovered, likewise some important buildings surrounding it, while the essential parts—or at least, some salient points—of others had been laid bare. But the Altis remained hemmed in by high walls of earth, cut off from the surrounding landscape. It will thus be welcome news that the area of the excavations can now be extended on every side, as far as the ancient remains may reach. Last winter, the stoa, or portico, bordering the Altis on the south was entirely uncovered (the excavations of 1876-1881 had only laid bare both ends of it), and this building, hitherto not much noticed and thought to be of Hellenistic date, now turns out to be a monument of the fourth century B.C., of interest for the history of architecture, remarkable for its imposing size and its unusual ground plan. Although hardly more than the foundations are preserved *in situ*, and considerable portions of the superstructure were renewed in Roman times, the extant remains permit an assured reconstruction of the whole building. Notably, many blocks of the Doric entablature of the back wall, which closed the stoa on the north, towards the Altis, have come to light during our recent tidying-up of this area. They were replaced on their foundations. This method will be applied, in course of time, to the other monuments of the Altis. The small reconstructed portion already gives a striking impression of the imposing Doric architecture of the "South Stoa," second in size only to the temple of Zeus. Its ancient name and original purpose have not yet

bronze knife of the fourth century B.C. is inscribed with a dedication to Pan; this is the first votive offering to Pan hitherto discovered at Olympia. We knew that he had an altar in the Prytaneion, where sacrifices were offered to him every year. Nor is the soil of the Altis exhausted in other areas. This has been proved by deep trenches we cut in the second great portico, the Stoa of Echoes, which separates the sanctuary from the

Stadium on the east. At a considerable depth, in strata which had been banked here before the Stoa of Echoes was built, we found a number of early bronze votive offerings, comprising the complete back of a cuirass, several Corinthian helmets, and the magnificent lion's head reproduced in Fig. 10.

Thus this year's explorations have already proved that the new excavations promise important and satisfactory results both in the Altis itself and in its surroundings. One of our chief tasks in the immediate future will be to trace the earliest history of the sanctuary as methodically as we can. Pioneer work in this field has already been done by Professor Doerpfeld. The prehistoric settlement of the second millennium B.C. which he discovered will have to be completely explored. And we must renew the attempt to interpret and explain, by archæological data, the intricate and contradictory ancient traditions about the origin of Olympic cults.

Another important objective of our excavations may well command an even stronger interest nowadays, in this "sporting" age. The Olympic Stadium, where the flower of Greek youth wrestled in noble competition for the honours of victory, is sacred to us as a symbol of aspirations akin to our own. But its present state is all the more disappointing. The original excavators had discovered the site of the Stadium and uncovered its entrance and the beginning of the course with the grooved slabs for the start. Fortunately, the slabs at the finish also were found. So it was possible to fix the length of the ancient course. But trial trenches could give but a wholly inadequate idea of the place even on paper. The original plan of excavating the entire Stadium had to be abandoned when it was ascertained that subsequent floods had spread more than 75,000 cubic metres of mud and earth over the site. So the venerable monument remained practically untouched (Fig. 1); not even a shallow depression showed modern visitors the course where once Greek youths raced for the wreath of victory. We therefore considered it our first duty to carry on and complete the work of the older generation in this area: the Stadium will be entirely uncovered and restored to its state in classical times.

It was, however, necessary to clear up the history of the Stadium before beginning methodical excavations. We therefore dug a broad trench down to virgin soil cutting right across the Stadium, at right angles to the axis of the course (Fig. 1). We were aware, from ancient sources, that simple mounds of earth were provided for the spectators: the Olympic Stadium never possessed stone steps, not even in later times, when such steps, copied from the Greek theatres, were generally in use for sporting purposes. They seem to have made a point of keeping to archaic simplicity at Olympia. The spectators sat or stood on flat mounds which surrounded the course on every side. To the north it was comparatively easy to fashion such a mound from the natural slope; on the south side it had to be artificially heaped up. Simple though they were, these mounds have left clear traces of their contours. Their surface can easily be recognised in the sides of our trench, usually by a thin layer of fertile earth. We were thus able to distinguish five strata: they correspond to as many periods in the history of the Stadium.

The oldest state that we can trace is archaic, and dates from the sixth century B.C. At that time the

north slope needed only a slight cutting to accommodate spectators. To the south a rather low mound proved sufficient. Both sides did not have a regular slope before the Temple of Zeus was built, about 460 B.C. At that time the Stadium acquired its regular shape, which remained exemplary for the future. But the most imposing renovation was carried out towards the middle of the fourth century B.C., when the mounds were considerably raised. The arrangements of the course which the original excavations uncovered date from this period; besides the grooved slabs for the start and finish, they comprised a channel for fresh water and a row of blocks bounding the foot of the mounds (Fig. 2), and both running right round the course. In this state the Stadium lasted for centuries. In Roman times



1. THE SITUATION OF THE OLYMPIC STADIUM IN THE ALPHEIOS VALLEY: A VIEW FROM THE HILL OF KRONOS TOWARDS THE SOUTH-EAST, DURING THE FIRST WEEKS OF THE EXCAVATIONS.

In the foreground is part of the great trench that cuts through the Stadium from north to south; adjoining it are the initial stages of the excavation in the mound bounding the Stadium on the south. In the background are the hills of Triphylia.

two renovations were needed: the later one tells of the vain attempts to keep off the inevitable decay. Yet the Stadium was in use up to the end of the fourth century A.D. The latest object found here is a coin of the Emperor Honorius. The great trench across the Stadium having fulfilled its object of providing a clear conception of its arrangement and development, the portion of the south mound immediately adjoining it on the east was entirely removed (Figs. 1 and 2), uncovering the drain which carried the water from the course to the plain of the Alpheios.

Sceptical archæologists had feared that the expense of removing huge masses of earth from the Stadium might hardly be proportionate to the results of the excavation; but the first campaign has already surpassed the most optimistic expectations. Apart from potsherds which help us to date the different strata, the finds mainly consist of archaic bronzes. Two groups of these can be distinguished. The first group stands in original and immediate connection with the Stadium. A large number of round bronze shields were found on the surface of the archaic south mound (Fig. 8). Their position and complete preservation prove that they were not casually dumped on the mound. Inscriptions on these shields tell us that they were votive offerings; that they were once placed in the Stadium is corroborated by holes on the top of the mound, which can hardly have contained anything but wooden posts that originally carried trophies of weapons. Similar trophies to these, which topped the mounds of the earliest Stadium, must have stood in the sanctuary itself. Like these, the Stadium trophies were dedicated in gratitude for victorious battles. When the Stadium was remodelled in the fifth century B.C., they were considered out of date and removed: the shields taken from their posts were laid flat on the ground and covered by the earth used for raising the new slope of the mound. On the north side, where no great fill of earth was needed, the votive offerings which were no longer used had to be put into deep pits dug for the purpose, according to the general custom in Greek sanctuaries. Such a pit, or *bothros*, in the northern part of our great trench, contained, among other objects, three or four shields, the shield ornament shown in Fig. 13, and a greave. We also occasionally found weapons scattered in the higher strata (Figs. 4, 6, 7, 9). Some of them may have been dug up in the course of the repeated remodellings of the mounds; but as a rule the contents of the later parts of the mounds belong to the second group of our finds. The numerous bronzes among them evidently had nothing to do with the Stadium originally: they were brought from the sanctuary itself, with the earth used for fills. The small selection reproduced here shows how precious and varied such "chance" finds can be. They encourage our expectations for the new campaign, which has already begun.



2. THE SOUTHERN MOUND (FOR SPECTATORS) OF THE STADIUM AT OLYMPIA, AFTER EXCAVATION: A VIEW FROM THE EAST.

In the foreground is seen the underground channel, built of large porous limestone blocks, which drained the water from the course. To the right is the stone boundary of the mound.

been safely ascertained; its long row of Doric columns opened towards the south on to a broad street, from which a branch led into the sanctuary, along the east side of the stoa. In the centre of the front, a broad porch with Doric columns jutted out to the south. The interior of the stoa was divided into two naves by a row of Corinthian columns.

Of the small finds made in this area, only two important inscriptions may be mentioned here. A bronze plate, originally let into a statue base, carries an epigram in honour of an Olympic victor mentioned by Pausanias—namely, Pherias of Ægina, who won the boys' wrestling match in 464 B.C. A

ART FROM ANTIQUITY'S GREATEST CENTRE OF SPORT: DISCOVERIES WHERE THE OLYMPIC GAMES WERE HELD.



3. A BRONZE HEAD OF A WOMAN: A WORK DATING FROM THE LAST THIRD OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. AND PROBABLY OF IONIAN ORIGIN.



4. A BRONZE PLAQUE FROM A SHIELD HANDLE: AN ARCHAIC RELIEF PROBABLY OF CORINTHIAN WORKMANSHIP SHOWING BELLEROPHON SLAYING THE CHIMÆRA.



5. A LEAPING RAM IN CAST BRONZE, PERHAPS A POLE-END: PELOPONNESIAN WORK OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.



6. AN ANKLE-GUARD OF REPOUSSE BRONZE IN THE FORM OF A CROUCHING SPHINX, WITH THE HEAD IN HIGH RELIEF: A MASTERPIECE DATING FROM THE SECOND QUARTER OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



7. SHOWING DETAIL OF DECORATION ON THE BRONZE ANKLE-GUARD ILLUSTRATED IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 6): A DRAWING OF THE DESIGN WITH A LION-HEAD DECORATING THE KNOB ON THE RIGHT.



8. A BRONZE SHIELD FROM THE ARCHAIC MOUND: INSCRIBED "THE TANAGREANS [OUT OF THE SPOIL] OF . . .", THE NAME OF THEIR ENEMIES BEING LOST; WITH A GUILLOCHE PATTERN ON THE RIM. (Diameter 93-94 cm.)



9. A BRONZE HELMET OF THE TYPE CALLED CHALCIDIAN, WITH THE EYEBROWS APPLIED SEPARATELY IN BRONZE: AN INTERESTING WORK DATING FROM THE SECOND HALF OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.

From the author's notes on the photographs, further details may be given regarding three of the above illustrations as follows: (Fig. 3) Female head of *repoussé* bronze. Its original purpose cannot be ascertained. The long hair is held by a fillet which appears behind the ear, as in several archaic female figures. The soft, full modelling, the mouth softly embedded between the cheeks, the narrow, almond-shaped eyes which seem to blink rather than to gaze, point to an Ionian origin of this beautiful

head: (Fig. 4) This relief seems to show merely a heraldic group of a Chimæra on the left and Pegasus on the right; but the man between them is no mere decorative figure: he thrusts his sword into Chimæra's withers and holds Pegasus by the rein. It is Bellerophon, slaying the Chimæra. The heraldic group has acquired a mythological meaning: (Fig. 6) A rare type, represented hitherto only in undecorated specimens. PHOTOS, GERMAN STATE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OLYMPIA EXPEDITION. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 1231)

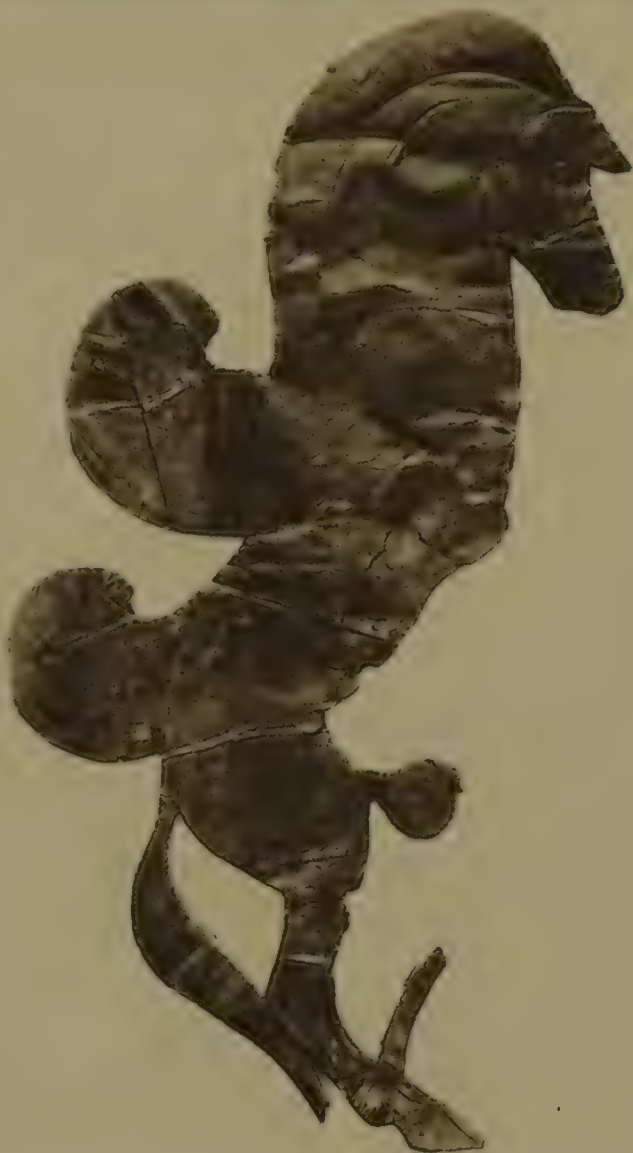
ARCHAIC GREEK BRONZES FOUND AT OLYMPIA,
DATING FROM THE 6TH, 7TH, AND 8TH CENTURIES B.C.



10 AND 11. A MAGNIFICENT BRONZE LION-HEAD FROM A LARGE CAULDRON (FIRST HALF OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.); AND (INSET IN LOWER RIGHT CORNER) A BEETLE ON A WHEEL-SHAPED BASE (EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.).



12. A GRIFFIN HEAD OF CAST BRONZE WHICH WAS NAILED TO A REPOUSSÉ NECK: A MASTERPIECE OF ARGIVE OR CORINTHIAN WORKMANSHIP FROM THE THIRD QUARTER OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.



13. A BRONZE WINGED HORSE IN FLAT RELIEF, ONCE NAILED TO A WOODEN SHIELD: A UNIQUE WORK, DELICATELY ENGRAVED, OF THE LAST QUARTER OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



14. A BRONZE HANDLE OF A WATER-VESSEL, DECORATED WITH A FEMALE HEAD WHOSE SHAPE AND STYLE POINT TO SPARTA: A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF LACONIAN ART DATING FROM ABOUT 600 B.C.

As on the opposite page, we may supplement some of the above titles with further particulars from notes supplied with the photographs: (Fig. 10) *Repoussé* work preserved with its core of some substance containing asphalt. First half of the seventh century B.C. A type hitherto found only on cauldrons from Italic tombs: (Fig. 11) A beetle on a wheel-shaped base, a rather unusual specimen of geometric animal art of the eighth century B.C.: (Fig. 12) This unusually large

griffin's head is unique in its combination of power and refinement. The note on Fig. 13 reads in full as follows: "Left part of a bronze emblem, once nailed to a wooden shield; very flat relief, *repoussé* work, cut out and delicately engraved, with a wealth of detail. A winged horse; another, symmetrically arranged, once filled the right half of the shield, while between the two horses we may restore a floral ornament." (PHOTOS., GERMAN STATE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OLYMPIA EXPEDITION.)



PEACE AT THE HORN.

THE DREADED CAPE, NOTORIOUS FOR THE STORMS THAT HAUNT IT, PHOTOGRAPHED ON ONE OF THE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN THE ELEMENTS WERE AT PEACE THERE.

Cape Horn has exacted the reverence of sailors ever since its discovery three centuries ago, and an old tradition in the British Navy permits an officer who has rounded the Horn or the Cape of Good Hope to put one foot on the wardroom table; both Capes carrying the right to put up both feet. The Horn enjoys by far the worse reputation of the two, and particularly was this so in the days of sail, when a vessel might be forced to beat up and down for days or weeks, in appalling weather, in order to round the promontory, whose very name

seems to echo the snoring of the wind in the rigging. Of ships which round the Horn, a very small proportion ever see it, for blinding storms usually keep the giant slate-coloured rock from view, and sailing-ships always gave it a wide berth. An old sailor passing it on one of the rare occasions when fine weather prevailed and the Cape was visible shook his fist, shouting, "At last I've seen you—you devil! And I hope I'll never see you again!" This bitter cry was recounted by a correspondent who described a calm passage round the

Horn in the columns of "The Times" some months ago. The writer was proceeding eastwards in a cargo steamer, homeward bound from New Zealand. He gave an impressive description of the Cape. "It was shaped as a shark's fin, the blunt butt-end facing the ocean and the peak of it sloping back to the low-lying land behind. . . . The hinterland is drearily bleak—an undulating wasteland devoid of tree or stream, but carpeted with a close, rank vegetation like that upon a mountain-side just below the snow-line. . . . The face of the

Cape is scarred and weather-worn, but a green moss-like growth could be seen clinging to it in patches." Another correspondent of "The Times" who had also had the good luck to round the Horn in quiet weather was moved to describe it, when seen in profile, as standing up out of the water "like the horn of a great rhinoceros." The photograph reproduced here was taken by Dr. Charles A. Marsh, surgeon on board the s.s. "Rakaia," of the New Zealand Shipping Line, while rounding the Horn in the days before the opening of the Panama Canal.

THE NURSERY "TEDDY-BEAR" COME TO LIFE: AMUSING KOALA ATTITUDES.



HAND OVER HAND ALONG THE BARBED WIRE! A KOALA USING A WIRE FENCE TO GET FROM ONE GUM-TREE TO ANOTHER.



LOOKING LIKE A TOYSHOP TEDDY-BEAR IN ITS BOX: A KOALA READY TO BE TRANSPORTED FROM FRENCH ISLAND TO THE MAINLAND.



AFTER A SATISFYING MEAL OF EUCALYPTUS LEAVES: A BABY KOALA SETTLING DOWN FOR A SLEEP IN ITS MOTHER'S ARMS.



TRAVELLING PICK-A-BACK FASHION TO NEW PASTURES: A BABY KOALA BEING CARRIED BY ITS MOTHER TO A FRESH EUCALYPTUS-TREE.

At one time the Kōala, or Native-bear, of Australia was in danger of becoming extinct as it was hunted for its pelt, but the prohibition, by the Federal Government, of the export of these creatures, either dead or alive, saved them from this fate, and it was left to the various States to decide whether any further protection was necessary, as each has its own game laws. The Koala has been protected in

Queensland and Victoria for some time, but it was only about a year ago that New South Wales decided to add it to the list of protected creatures, such as the duck-billed platypus and the lyre-bird. A further recognition of the Koala as a "national" animal was made when the Australian Postal Department issued a new stamp, in February last, featuring it in a characteristic attitude. If removed from its native

[Continued opposite.]

A TREE FULL OF "TEDDY-BEARS": AUSTRALIAN KOALAS ON FRENCH ISLAND.



AWAITING TRANSPORTATION TO SANCTUARIES ON THE MAINLAND ESTABLISHED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF VICTORIA :
THE KOALA, OR NATIVE-BEAR, OF AUSTRALIA, WHICH AT ONE TIME WAS IN DANGER OF BECOMING EXTINCT.

Continued. country the Koala quickly dies, but in certain circumstances it will become very tame and its lovable nature is quite in accord with its appearance, resembling that of the nursery "Teddy-bear." It is one of the most interesting of the Australian marsupials, and is arboreal in its habits, hardly ever venturing far when on the ground, for its diet is confined to eucalyptus leaves. The Koala averages some two

feet in length and the fur is of an ashy-grey colour. The Government of Victoria are now setting aside several sanctuaries on the mainland for these quaint creatures, and the photographs on this and the facing page were taken on the islands off the coast, where many of them are awaiting transportation to their new homes. They will probably become very popular with visitors to the sanctuaries.

THE GERMAN "LABOUR SERVICE"—A NAZI INSTITUTION WITH FEATURES MERITING CONSIDERATION.



THE NAZI LABOUR SERVICE, WHICH ALL YOUNG GERMANS HAVE NOW TO PASS THROUGH BEFORE DOING THEIR MILITARY SERVICE: A PARTY AT WORK UPON A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN THE BLACK FOREST.



THE STRENUOUS WORK OF THE ARBEITSDIENST, WHICH HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF GETTING YOUNG MEN INTO GOOD PHYSICAL CONDITION, AND UNDERTAKING IMPORTANT PUBLIC WORKS: IMPROVING A CANAL IN AN IRRIGATION SCHEME.



ARBEITSMANNER WORKING AT FORESTRY: CUTTING LOGS WITH A MECHANICAL SAW—TYPICAL OF THE UP-TO-DATE LABOUR-SAVING EQUIPMENT WHICH THE SERVICE USES.



THE WORK OF THE ARBEITSDIENST: A CANAL NEARING COMPLETION; ITS STEPPED SECTION BEING DICTATED BY THE THIN SANDY SOIL THROUGH WHICH IT IS DRIVEN.



REMOVING SILT AFTER THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A CANAL: ARBEITSMANNER AT WORK LOADING TRUCKS, UNDER THEIR LITTLE BANNER, DULY PLANTED ON THE CREST.



LAND-RECLAMATION, BY MEANS OF WHICH THE ARBEITSDIENST IS SAID TO HAVE ADDED HALF A MILLION ACRES TO THE TOTAL ARABLE AREA IN GERMANY: CUTTING A CANAL IN A NORTHERN PROVINCE.

The following details of the *Arbeitsdienst*, the Nazi Labour Corps, are provided by Mr. Sawbridge, author of the article on the following page. The compulsory period of service is six months and this is usually taken between the ages of eighteen to twenty. No exemption whatever is obtainable except on the ground of a medical certificate expressly certifying unfitness. The summer period lasts from April 1 to October 1, and on October 15 the majority of the men start their military training, lasting for two years. On arrival in the camps the men are given a complete outfit, consisting of the equipment, uniform, underwear, towels, etc., that they will require during the period,

which have to be handed back in proper condition before leaving. They receive an allowance of 25 pfennigs (about 3d.) per working day, and the cost of maintenance for each man is calculated at 94 pfennigs per day. The life in the camps is arduous. In the summer the men get up at five (in the winter at six) and go immediately for a run. Half an hour is allowed for dressing, bed-making, room-duty and preparation for breakfast. After breakfast is the morning parade, with a ceremonial hoisting of the flag and orders for the day. At 6.30 the men set out, on bicycles where the work has spread some distance from the camp, for their work. They work, with

THE SOLID ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE LABOUR CAMPS; AND THEIR LESS ADMIRABLE "MILITARISM."



THE MILITARY DISCIPLINE OF THE LABOUR SERVICE—AN UNPLEASANT FEATURE OF THE INSTITUTION, UNLIKELY TO APPEAL TO DEMOCRATIC COUNTRIES: A SQUAD WITH SHOULDERED SPADES.



LIFE IN A LABOUR CAMP: FATIGUE DUTIES BEING CARRIED OUT BY THE ARBEITSMANN IN FRONT OF ONE OF THEIR HUTS, WHICH ARE SECTIONAL AND MADE TO A STANDARD PATTERN.



THE MIDDAY MEAL, THE PRINCIPAL MEAL OF THE DAY IN A LABOUR CAMP: A GROUP OF YOUNG GERMANS PARTAKING OF FOOD WHICH IS GENERALLY PLAIN BUT PLENTIFUL.



RECREATION: ARBEITSMANN GATHERED ROUND THE TABLES IN THEIR COMMON ROOM, FURNISHED BY THEMSELVES, WHERE NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER READING MATTER ARE PROVIDED.



INSIDE THE SINGLE WASH-HOUSE, WHICH HAS TO SERVE THE WHOLE CAMP, ONLY COLD WATER BEING PROVIDED IN SUMMER: A DETAIL IN WHICH THE ARBEITSDIENST ATTAINS MILITARY SEVERITY.



HOW THE ARBEITSMANN SLEEP: COTS MADE IN TWO TIERS LIKE SHIPS' BUNKS; EACH MAN BEING ALLOWED A SINGLE STEEL LOCKER FOR HIS POSSESSIONS.

a short break at 10.30, until it is time to return for dinner at two. After dinner there is half an hour's rest interval. This is followed on alternate days by drill or games, lasting for about an hour. The drill is entirely military, consisting of exercises in parade formations and weapon drill (in this case with spades) similar to those practised in the O.T.C., and approximately the same standard is attained. Then follows a period of political instruction, dealing with the outlines of Nazi statecraft and achievements. At six is the evening parade, with a ceremonial sinking of the flag and the veneration (complete with obituary notice) of an historic German figure noted for prowess.

After that—supper, followed by a sing-song or special duty, and bed at ten. With the exception of the rest-interval, the men are under constant supervision and under orders throughout the day, and the only time available for writing letters or reading is an occasional free evening or at the week-ends. The first thing that strikes an Englishman about them after a short period in one of these camps is the quality of the discipline. Orders, reprimands, or pieces of information are retailed to the men, collectively or individually, with the stentorian tones of a sergeant-major putting a parade in its place. The only permissible reply to a command or a piece of abuse is "Jawohl."

A NAZI ORGANISATION, OF WHICH WE MIGHT IMITATE SOME FEATURES.

THE WORK OF THE "LABOUR SERVICE," IN WHICH GERMAN YOUNG MEN CARRY OUT IMPORTANT PUBLIC UNDERTAKINGS.

By P. F. SAWBRIDGE.

The German Labour Service, or Arbeitsdienst, would appear to be one of the few Nazi institutions that could recommend themselves for imitation in this country—at all events, in some of its features. It has the advantages of reducing a young man's likelihood of being unemployed at a critical time in his career, hardening his physique, and of undertaking schemes of public works that would otherwise be uneconomical. Such a scheme of labour camps, for instance, might well prove of great assistance to the nation in the matter of Air Raids Precautions, particularly at a time when National Service is in the air. It is worth noting that the German scheme had its origin, as a voluntary movement, under the pre-Nazi Brüning Government. The military discipline and the lack of personal freedom in the Nazi labour camps are not, of course, an essential part of a "Labour Service."

IN the spring of 1933, the German Labour Service was integrated as part and parcel of the National Socialist System, which has set a war "tempo" and inculcates a "war" mentality in times of peace. Just as in war, there follows a cheapening of human life, and men are taught to accept regimentation with little regard to human individuality. The integration was absolute and complete. In the camps, German youth is mobilised to cultivate a respect for manual labour and achievement, and the spade and agriculture form a bucolic substitute for the rifle and manœuvres. The camps are, in a sense, symbolic of the totalitarian spirit. They can be described as a preparation for peace on a war footing, but equally accurately as a preparation for war on a peace footing. This is the fundamental paradox in the spirit of the present period.

The Labour Service had not always this dual significance. The whole conception of the movement derives directly from the camps organised in North Germany in 1925 by one of the most prominent and active of post-war youth movement groups, the *Freischaar* in Silesia. This was a blend of the *Wandervogel* and *Pfadfinder* movements, and the camps were intended to give to university students and others an experience of manual labour and an opportunity to earn their board and a little money to keep them during the next few months. In 1931 the first official Labour Service was instituted by the Brüning Government on a strictly voluntary basis as part of its "agrarian policy" for providing productive unemployment assistance. Unemployed, particularly unemployed juveniles, were to find transitory work in the land service while awaiting opportunities for permanent employment. As such, the service achieved a meteoric expansion, shown by the following table—

1931 August	-	106
November	-	5033
1932 February	-	20,257
May	-	56,646
1932 August	-	144,098
November	-	285,494
1933 February	-	193,376
May	-	242,676

During this period, the organisation of the service was undertaken by public bodies, semi-military organisations, religious societies, trade organisations, and the like, the work-programme being selected and the execution supervised chiefly by the various territorial local authorities for counties, districts, etc. As the nature of the service demanded, many of the camp units were centred in depressed industrial areas, and in the neighbourhood of large towns where unemployment bulked largest, and much of the work consisted of improvements of a "socialising" character—the lay-out of sports and recreation grounds, public gardens, the construction of swimming-pools, which could not otherwise have been attempted. In 1933 this constituted 33% of the total work performed, the remainder being divided between land improvement (45%), road-making (12%), and forestry (10%).

vacant country houses, or disused factories: properly constructed permanent camps were in the minority.

It is interesting to note that the present Labour Service has been organised on the basis of the numbers reached at that time. The official strength for the year 1937-38 was fixed at 275,000 men in the summer, and 180,000 in the winter. For the purposes of the service, the country is divided into 30 districts, each district containing 5-10 sub-districts, each sub-district 6-9 camps, and each camp having a strength of 150-200 men. Administration and financial control are conducted from the district headquarters, and the supervision of the work-programme from the

At that time there were nearly 5000 camp units, varying greatly in size and in the accommodation provided. Some were under canvas, others were in

watercourses. The drainage scheme for the Ems basin alone, in which 21 camps are engaged, covers an area of 16,000 acres, and approximately a third has already been completed. These schemes are being carried out by the Labour Service under contract with farmers' unions, drainage boards, and other bodies in the area concerned, and are financed by these bodies from State subsidies and loans, the interest on which is paid in the form of a drainage rate levied on the farmers in proportion to the benefit they derive from the works. It is claimed that by the end of 1936 a total of over 500,000 acres of marsh or insufficiently drained land throughout Germany had been brought into cultivation or its fertility increased through work carried out by the Labour Service, and the annual productivity of German soil is calculated to have been raised by nearly 30 million marks. These, with afforestation schemes (mostly in Silesia and Pomerania), and harvest help, form the main features of the work-programme.

The first thing that strikes an Englishman after a short period in one of the camps is the quality of the discipline. Orders, reprimands, or information are retailed to the men, collectively or individually, with the stentorian tones of a sergeant-major putting a parade in its place. The only permissible reply to a command or piece of abuse is "jawohl"; prevarication may mean three days on bread and water in the camp cell. The camp officers are not, however, of the sergeant-major type; in fact, few of them have seen more of the army than the law makes necessary. They are mostly in their early twenties; have been through the Labour Service themselves; completed their military training, and gone through an exacting course in a training-school. They have no easy life. They are almost constantly on duty during the whole camp day; they have short leave, very little personal privacy, and low pay (beginning in the lowest grade at 1 Reichsmark per day). Nevertheless, there is no shortage of candidates, and the training schools are

always full. Those in my experience were most of them excellent fellows, with a fanatical enthusiasm for their work. This enthusiasm is based on an implicit faith in the mission of the party to reinstate Germany as the dominant Power in Western Europe, and in the infallibility of Hitler. This infallibility they believe is based on accurately applied common sense, as opposed to the procrastinating machinery and wire-pulling of democratic government. One hears the same party dogmas repeated over and over again, till one has them off pat. But they believe them. The men, too, on the whole, believe them and that each is playing a significant part in this wonderful movement. The number of "incidents" in the camps have been very few.

For the State, the advantages of the Labour Service are many. Here are three:

(i) An immense reserve of man-power is made available for public utility works, which could not otherwise be attempted, at a very low cost to public funds. Man-power is also available for other purposes. At the beginning of the last crisis, more than 100,000 men were immediately drafted to help to complete the fortified positions in the Siegfried Line.

(ii) It reduces unemployment at a critical age and, incidentally, creates new opportunities for employment in agrarian colonisation by land reclamation and improvement.

(iii) It provides a continuous flow of men into military training in first-class physical condition, well used to discipline and well grounded in parade- and weapon-drill.

For the individual *arbeitsmann* there are also clearly advantages. There is no doubt as to the enormous physical value of the life in the camps and the

power of endurance of each individual is increased very many times. There is also the benefit gained from the practical experience of taking a hand in an important piece of work executed in a professional manner, and character training in having to stand on one's feet in this hard and rough life. For the town dweller, the country life, associated with long hours of steady, toilsome, rhythmical labour, day after day, in many cases has a profound disburdening effect on the soul, bringing a quickened and warmer feeling towards life. There is no doubt that six months of such training would do the average young artisan and also undergraduate a world of good. As a preliminary to a period of two years' military training the advantages are less obvious.



ONE OF THE MEAGRE RECREATIONAL FACILITIES PROVIDED IN THE NAZI LABOUR CAMPS: MEN PLAYING WITH HAND BALLS, A PASTIME WHICH, WITH PHYSICAL TRAINING WITH LIGHT APPARATUS, TAKES PLACE ON ALTERNATE AFTERNOONS.

headquarters of the sub-districts. There is also a separate Registration Bureau in each district to see that no one slips through the net. The whole service is organised from the central office in the Schinkelstrasse in Berlin.

The great majority of the work programme is connected with land improvement, in keeping with the expressed canon of the service, that every German youth should be brought in direct contact with the soil and should learn a proper respect for manual labour. By this policy, moreover, new areas are

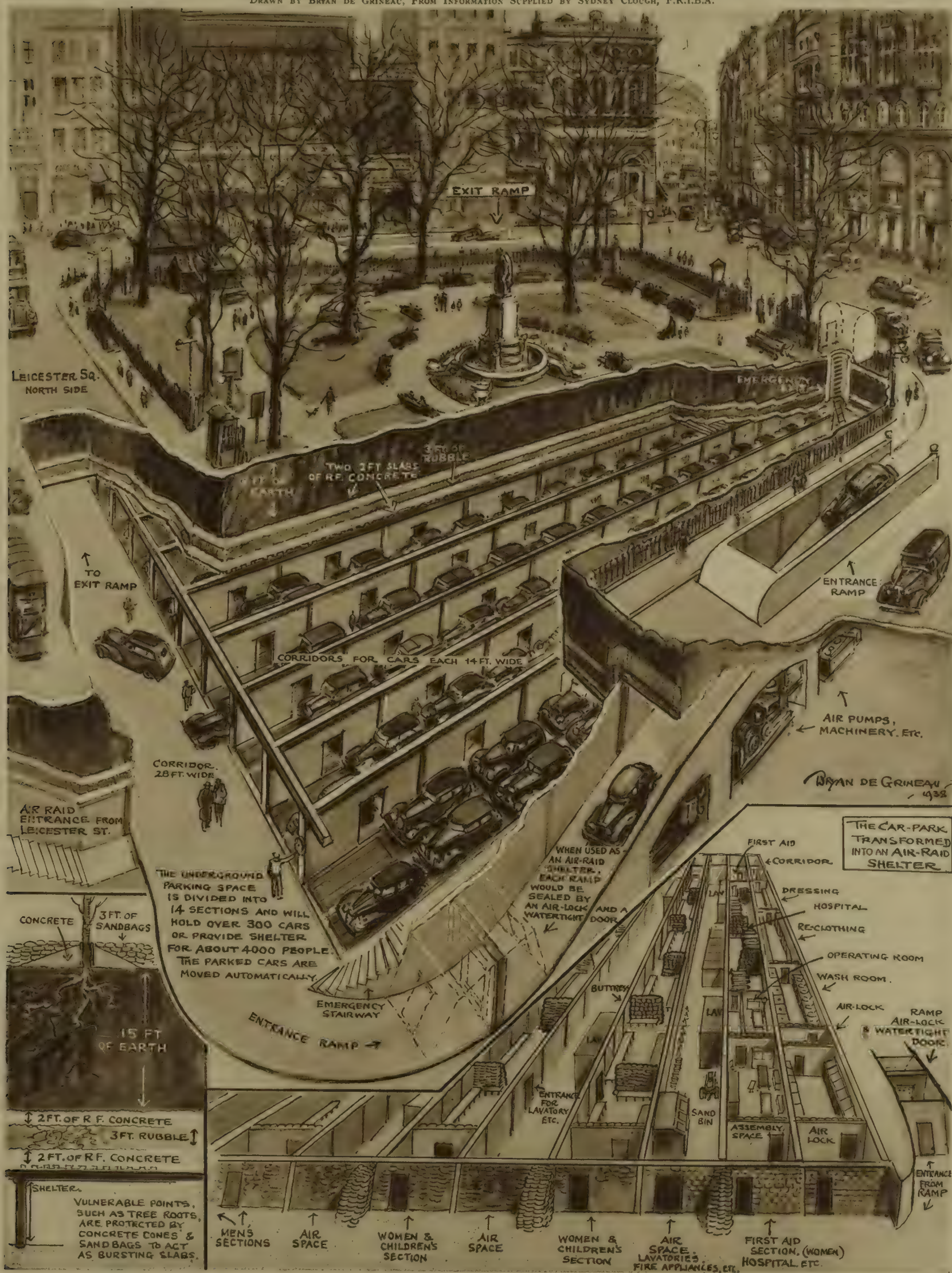


WITH THE NAZI ARBEITSDIENST: A SQUAD RETURNING FROM WORK WITH SHOULDERED SHOVELS, SINGING A MARCHING SONG—USUALLY RENDERED IN TWO PARTS; THEIR UNIFORMS APPEARING BASICALLY SIMILAR TO THAT OF THE GERMAN ARMY, TO WHICH THE YOUNG MEN PASS AFTER THEIR LABOUR SERVICE.

reclaimed for land-colonisation and the realisation of the Four Year Plan promoted. One of the most ambitious undertakings in North Germany is the recovery from the sea of a vast tract of land on the west coast of the Schleswig-Holstein peninsula, north of the mouth of the Elbe, by an elaborate system of dykes and sand-dunes. This scheme covers a total area of nearly 220,000 acres, and occupies 14 separate camps. The bulk of the work, however, lies in drainage and the reclamation for agricultural purposes of areas in which the land is, through insufficient drainage, on the margin of profitable cultivation. Comprehensive schemes, which could never have been undertaken by private enterprise, are now being put in hand in connection with most of the important

CAR-PARK OR A.R.P. SHELTER: A PROJECT FOR LONDON'S SQUARES.

Drawn by Bryan de Grineau, from information supplied by Sydney Clough, F.R.I.B.A.



PROVIDING LONDON WITH PARKING SPACE IN PEACETIME AND AIR-RAID SHELTERS IN WARTIME: AN EXAMPLE OF A MECHANISED CAR-PARK UNDER LEICESTER SQUARE (ABOVE); AND (BELOW) THE CAR-PARK AS AN AIR-RAID SHELTER.

Now that London is faced with the necessity of providing air-raid shelters for its inhabitants attention is being more and more closely focussed upon the project for constructing combined car-parks and shelters under London squares. Recently it was learned that Holborn had prepared a scheme for such a shelter under Russell Square. Here we reproduce a pictorial diagram of a projected shelter-car-park under Leicester Square. This scheme has been worked out by Mr. Sydney Clough, F.R.I.B.A., and is at present under consideration by the L.C.C. The car-park is worked upon the "Auger" mechanical system.

In this system the cars are parked nose-to-tail in lines. To get them out, the car at the head of the line containing the car required is "sidestepped" mechanically on to the other line. Then all the cars in the first line move forward one, the cars in the second line move backward one; another car is "sidestepped," and so on, until the car required comes to the front and can be run out. Mr. Clough has designed for the City of Cardiff an underground car-park-cum-shelter of this type; with a capacity of 500 cars, and providing shelter for 3000-4000 people.

NOTABLE ARCHITECTURAL OCCASIONS IN S. ENGLAND.



BUILT ENTIRELY BY THE MONKS: BUCKFAST ABBEY, COMPLETED AFTER THIRTY YEARS; SEEN FREE OF THE SCAFFOLDING; SHOWING ITS FINE DESIGN. (L.N.A.)



WOLSEY'S TOWER AT ESHER: THE SUBJECT OF A PUBLIC APPEAL FOR PRESERVATION: A RELIC OF ESHER PLACE, A MANSION WHERE WOLSEY STAYED DURING THE PERIOD OF HIS DISGRACE.



A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MONASTIC BUILDING PRESERVED AT GLASTONBURY: THE ABBOTS' TRIBUNAL, OR COURT HOUSE, BUILT BY THE LAST ABBOT BUT ONE OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

It will be interesting to thousands of people who have made a pilgrimage to Buckfast Abbey, in Devonshire, during its thirty years' building by the monks, to know that at last the concealing scaffolding has been removed, and the full beauty of the finished building can be seen.—The Surrey Archaeological Society is making an effort to preserve the historic building known as Wolsey's, or Waynflete's Tower, on the River Mole at Esher, and a public appeal for subscriptions will be made. The building was the gatehouse to the mansion built by Bishop Waynflete, where Wolsey stayed in 1529 and 1530, when disgraced and forced into retirement by King Henry VIII.—The work of preservation of the Abbots' Tribunal, or Court House, at Glastonbury is now practically completed. The façade of the Court House was built in the fifteenth century in the High Street of the town by the last abbot but one—Abbot Richard Bere. Over the entrance are panels containing the arms of Edward IV., with supporters, and inside are some fine oak ceilings and some contemporary linenfold panelling.

INTERESTING RESTORATIONS IN BRISTOL AND SOMERSET.

The fourteenth-century Cutler's Hall (Quaker's Friars), Bristol, was recently restored by the Society of Friends and has now been reopened. The fine timber roof was being eaten away by the death-watch beetle and the repairs have cost £2500. The building was originally a Dominican Friary and later the Hall of the Tanners' Company. It became a Friends Day School in 1845 and is now scheduled as an ancient monument.—The restoration of the fine parish church of Weston-Zoyland has taken five years, but the work is now completed. Some 500 rebels were imprisoned in the church after Monmouth's defeat in 1685, and this connection with the Rebellion led to the eight regiments which fought for King James at Sedgemoor subscribing to the restoration fund. The vestry and the lower part of the south transept walls date back to about 1200, while the chancel is fourteenth century. The rest of the church is late fifteenth century and the font dates from about 1325. The church has a magnificent oak roof which has been carefully repaired. The extensive restoration also included the repair of the clock, dating from 1600.



RECENTLY RESTORED BY THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS: THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CUTLER'S HALL (QUAKER'S FRIARS), BRISTOL, WHICH IS SCHEDULED AS AN ANCIENT MONUMENT.



INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH MONMOUTH'S REBELLION: THE CHURCH AT WESTON-ZOYLAND, WHICH HAS BEEN CAREFULLY AND BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED; THE SUBSCRIBERS INCLUDING THE EIGHT REGIMENTS WHICH FOUGHT FOR KING JAMES AT SEDGEMOOR.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

NEW YEAR AND OLD FOLLY.

THE threatened demise of pantomime never occurs. That joy has been renewed at Covent Garden, and there are three entertainments of this kind in Central London alone—an unusually big ration—and elsewhere it abounds. The more this preposterous institution is threatened the more it flourishes. I used the adjective "preposterous" with purpose. To be preposterous is to put first things last and last things first, to be inconsequent, illogical, absurd. Pantomime is crazy in just this way, and, if it ceased to be thus lunatic I would surmise that its last days were at hand. Its merit is to be mad. Consider the fabric of the thing. Its name suggests that it is all

of pantomime that a people who will not tolerate poetry in the theatre unless it be sanctified by classic status and called educational, suddenly insist at Christmas that this least exalted revel shall be carried on in verse. Pantomime, it seems, has a double duty in the eyes of the public. It must have rhyme; and it must not have reason.

Is it altogether fanciful to relate this endurance of a crazy pleasure, a preposterous revel, with the seemingly ubiquitous and eternal impulse to celebrate the death of the old year and the birth of a young one (or, if you would rather view it so, the rebirth or resurrection of the solar force) with an outburst of anarchy? It is no coincidence, I am sure, that pantomime should retain the convention whereby men mimic women and women men, for this is one of the oldest features

of New Year junketing. The New Year was, in the Middle Ages, the Feast of Fools: "The ruling idea of the Feast," Sir Edmund Chambers has written, "is the inversion of status and the performance, inevitably burlesque, by the inferior clergy of functions properly belonging to their betters." The Feast of Fools was the Christian successor of the pagan Saturnalia, during which, for a brief period of license, servants usurped the powers of their masters and a chartered anarchy introduced the riotous pleasures of a mock-rebellion. Part of the ritual was change of dress, men masquerading as women and *vice versa*; a most popular feature was the dressing-up in animals' skins, just as an acrobat robed as puss or two clowns making up a horse are some of the best beloved elements of our Christmas pantomime.

Indeed, the more you study the history of masquing and fooling the more you realise how permanent are its



PANTOMIME AGAIN AT COVENT GARDEN: THE VILLAGE SCENE IN "RED RIDING HOOD," WITH PRINCE CHARMING (PATRICIA BURKE) MEETING RED RIDING HOOD (POLLY WARD), AND MOTHER HUBBARD (NELSON KEYS) CURTSEYING. (S. and G.)

"Red Riding Hood" is the second pantomime to be presented at Covent Garden in the last fifty years. Miss Polly Ward, the Principal Girl, had been suffering from a severe cold during rehearsals, but it was expected that she would be well enough to appear at the public performances. Nelson



"RED RIDING HOOD": AN AMUSING SCENE BETWEEN MOTHER HUBBARD (NELSON KEYS; WHO IS MAKING HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN PANTOMIME) AND PRINCE CHARMING (PATRICIA BURKE). (L.N.A.)

Keys, as Mother Hubbard, is making his first appearance in pantomime, and Patricia Burke, a daughter of Marie Burke, plays the part of Prince Charming. A spectacular item of the production is a flying ballet in which the dancers "fly" out over the heads of the audience.

mime, total dumb-show; but, in fact, it is as noisy as any entertainment in the land. Comedians bawl, singers scream, and the largest, loudest orchestras available put the whole of their limbs and lungs behind the powerful brass. One of the most popular pantomime drolls, Mr. George Jackley, now at Covent Garden, is beloved for this gargantuan roaring. He is endeared to all by the grand reverberating row which he can be relied upon to make. A favourite item is the chorus-song, in which the audience is invited to join, and the chorus is repeated until the audience, however shy at first, plucks up courage, begins to bellow, and seems likely to lift the roof. Dumb-show indeed!

Then the root of the matter is a dainty, centuries-old fairy-tale; but the root has to flower in the crudest slap-stick and music-hall humour of the moment. What might be a charming show for the children becomes a thoroughly sophisticated one for grown-ups. Boys' parts are taken by girls and old ladies' parts may be played by young men; at any rate, by men of one age or another. That is a rigid rule—a rule which nobody can, in logic, explain. The most exalted ladies of our stage are given the title of Dame as an honour; but a Dame in Panto is a truculent, tipsy creature who bullies all and sundry. As the affair proceeds the plot is increasingly forgotten, and any kind of turn or spectacle is included in the adventures of Dick or Aladdin. Dick Whittington may have been, in fact, a mediæval English merchant, but he may be played by a brisk young woman who affects an American accent to croon her Tin Pan Alley stuff when singing the ble-ews away.

Supposedly meant for children, pantomime is so immensely popular with adults that a Christmas entertainment far outlasts the school holidays, and can still be visited in March, and sometimes, especially in Scotland, it runs right on till Easter. In this mad medley of sentiment and slap-stick, spectacle and knockabout, the greatest actresses of our time are happy to appear. Everybody knows that if you wanted a part in Shakespeare finely played Miss Fay Compton would be a first choice, as for any serious modern piece. Yet Miss Compton is now the Principal Boy at Drury Lane, and, having seen her in this rôle before, I can wager there is no better in the land. She is, of course, speaking verse. Again, it is part of the preposterous nature



"PETER PAN," AT THE PALLADIUM: SIR SEYMOUR HICKS AS THE VILLAINOUS CAPTAIN HOOK. (Topical.)

"Peter Pan" is being given (at matinées only) at the Palladium. Jean Forbes-Robertson plays the part of Peter and Sir Seymour Hicks appears as the villainous Captain Hook. It is interesting to note that this part was written for him thirty-five years ago and that Barrie created the parts of Hook and Wendy for Sir Seymour and Ellaline Terriss, his wife, to play. They were, however, unable to take part in the original production.

elements. This permanence must be founded on some deep instinct of the people, because the features of the feast, having faded away in one place or time, will emerge again in another. Even if the continuity of tradition and of practice be broken, as it certainly was in the case of pantomime, the old joys somehow reassert themselves. Our pantomimes, for example, seem to be much closer to the mediæval revel than were the pantomimes of the eighteenth century, which were more like our own revues, with Harlequin as *compère*. The interchange of sex by dressing-up, which was once essential to the Feast of Fools, reappeared in the nineteenth century when the feminine Principal Boy and the masculine Dame took the stage. In logic this sort of thing is indefensible, and children, being logical, are often puzzled by a girlish Whittington or Prince Charming. But, in fact, one can only explain the everlasting popularity of this Christmas device by some deep-rooted feeling for topsy-turvydom at this season of the year.

In the same way pantomime likes to see authority ridiculed and overthrown. The policeman or any other representative of law, such as the bum bailiff or broker's man, must be tricked and mocked. The poor boy must get the better of his employer. Here we find a successor to the Feast of Misrule, which was another aspect of the Feast of Fools. The mediæval habit was to appoint a Lord of Misrule to preside over the New Year amusements and ceremonials.

Even such solemn institutions as the Inns of Court had a Lord of Misrule, and in the houses of the nobles a similar official was appointed to keep all things crazy. The reign of nonsense lasted, as a rule, till Twelfth Night, when, the New Year being well established and the rhythm of the solar system once more turned to warming and nourishing mankind, it was important to go back to work, to plough, and to sow, and to be a farmer's boy. Plough Monday was the feast of toil renewed, of idle anarchy's last fling. Nowadays we keep our pantomimes alive till March. On the other hand, we have no such prolonged and total break with workaday life as the folk of the Middle Ages enjoyed at the turn of the year. Their cult of the crazy was more intense while it lasted: ours is the more prolonged.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

which "these presents" will appear, I have been beguiling the tedium of a sick-room with certain old favourites in poetry suited to the occasion. I am not sorry to see the last of this old year, and perhaps others will quote with equal satisfaction—

The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!

Inspired by the Chamberlain policy of appeasement, some incorrigible optimists may even echo Tennyson's hopeful prophecy—

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

The date attached to "In Memoriam" is 1849—probably the year of its completion. Two decades earlier, a more frivolous poet had celebrated in a lighter vein the turn of the year 1828-9. With only a slight adjustment of figures (here italicised), some of Praed's lines might equally well have been written to-day—

While sages prate, and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine;
And the world, as it rolled through
Thirty-eight,
Must roll through Thirty-nine.

As it rolls through 1939, I think the world would willingly dispense with such disturbing political spasms as we experienced last September. Meanwhile, whatever the future may hold, we all feel the necessity of studying books that light up the post-war European scene and show the origin of recent or current disputes. Among such works one of outstanding interest and importance is "THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PEACE TREATIES." By David Lloyd George. Vol. II. With Illustrations and Maps (Gollancz; 18s.). Here the greatest of our surviving elder statesmen completes a record that will rank as one of the major documents in modern European history. Mr. Lloyd George is outspoken in apportioning what might be described as "peace guilt." "Between the retreat of America and the treacheries of Europe," he concludes, "the Treaties of Peace were never given a fair trial."

As a writer, no less than as a statesman, Mr. Lloyd George's energy appears to be inexhaustible, and I am glad to note that the present volume will not be his last contribution to the annals of our time. In one of several passages denouncing the reversal of his policy towards Turkey and Greece, he writes concerning the Treaty of Sèvres: "Why it was subsequently re-cast at Lausanne, and non-Turkish populations, once liberated from Turkish misgovernment and persecution, were replaced under the sway of a race that never learned how to rule another people well or wisely, is a story which I hope to tell one day in my account of the betrayal of the Treaties by the Powers that framed them. Asia Minor for centuries made a rich contribution to the well-being of mankind. Under Turkish rule it made none of any appreciable moment. If the new Turkish nationalism reverses the whole traditions of Turkish Government since it butted into civilisation, it may yet repair the tragic blunder perpetrated by the cowardly surrender of Lausanne."

Mr. Lloyd George sees in the Lausanne settlement with Turkey the first step in a series of humiliating concessions by which the Allied Powers have gradually thrown away the fruits of victory. Public memory being notoriously short, most readers of his book will probably take more interest in the latest of such concessions—the Munich Agreement—and will turn to those pages which record the original cause of the September crisis; that is, the foundation of the Czechoslovak Republic. On this matter, Mr. Lloyd George's second volume is even more illuminating than the first. He makes it abundantly clear that all the grievances of the Sudeten Germans were fully expressed at the time, but were overruled. Although the arguments on both sides are given, the German case is made much more convincing. "The result," we read, "was the recognition of the polyglot and incoherent State of Czechoslovakia and the incorporation in that State of hundreds of thousands of protesting Magyars and some millions of angry Germans: The angrier they became, the less consideration they received from the Czech Government. Hence the present trouble."

The common German complaint that "the Treaty of Versailles is the cause of all the present mischief" is denied by an eminent German author in "A NEW HOLY ALLIANCE."

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

By Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by David Game. With Frontispiece Portrait (Hale; 3s. 6d.). Herr Ludwig begins by stating that an English edition of his book was ready for print on the day the Munich Agreement was signed, but that he has nothing to alter, as the danger of war, he considers, is still with us, and is being provoked by certain aspects of the German character. "The purpose of this book," he continues, "is to depict these as they are, and to state how the danger may be forestalled. . . . I hope to be able to show *beforehand* how this impending cataclysm can be prevented. The book is not to be thought of as the indignation of an injured *émigré*, for I have lived for thirty years in Switzerland, and was a subject of that country long before Hitler came to power. It is written by a European. . . . If Englishmen

reminiscences or biographies

of the protagonists. Meanwhile, a dramatic record of that anxious time, as the general public will remember it, is preserved in "FOUR DAYS." Edited by Michael Killanin (Lord Killanin) (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). In the words of its sub-title, this book is "a symposium by leading journalists from the major European capitals and the United States of what they felt and saw during those September days, after weeks of tension, when the world's peace was at stake." The "four days" are September 25-9, and of the seven contributors two are British, while the others are respectively American, French, German, Italian, and Czech. One of the British collaborators, Mr. J. Wilson Broadbent, accompanied Mr. Chamberlain on his three flights to Germany. The other, Lord Killanin, who has edited the volume, describes its inception at a West End club, and points out that the contributors have all written quite independently.

Politicians are subject, more than others, to temporary eclipse, but it makes all the difference whether such eclipse occurs early or late in life. At the age of forty-one, the ex-Foreign Secretary probably has an important future still awaiting him, but in any case there will be hosts of readers for the story of his career up to the present, as told in "ANTHONY EDEN." A Biography. By Alan Campbell Johnson. With 16 Illustrations (Hale; 15s.). Mr. Eden's prominent part in foreign affairs during recent years, especially his extensive political tours that brought him into personal contact with national leaders abroad, and the circumstances of his resignation, combine to make this volume indispensable to students of the international situation. Its author foresees an upheaval in British politics that will give leadership to Mr. Eden.

Mr. Eden's father, the late Sir William Eden, Bt., himself an accomplished amateur artist, had a quarrel with Whistler over the latter's portrait of Lady Eden. A similar experience, of course, befell the Victorian art critic and social reformer whose own productions as an artist are recalled in "RUSKIN THE PAINTER," and his works at Bembridge. By J. Howard Whitehouse, President of the Ruskin Society, Master of Brantwood, Warden of Bembridge School. With 67 Illustrations (Oxford University Press and Sir Humphrey Milford; 16s.). This revelation of Ruskin's skill as an original artist, and of his industry in copying from old masters, is of unusual interest. Perhaps from modesty, or dislike of self-advertisement, the author is not very explicit regarding his own part in preserving these Ruskin pictures. We are left in doubt, for instance, how and why the collection was formed and placed at Bembridge School, whether it is a complete collection of Ruskin's paintings and drawings, and in what way Bembridge was associated with Ruskin's life.

Since many of the drawings from Ruskin's sketch-books show detail of church architecture and decoration, there is some aesthetic affinity between the last-named work and an interesting little book entitled "ANIMAL CARVINGS IN BRITISH CHURCHES." By M. D. Anderson, author of "The Mediaeval Carver." With 43 Illustrations (Cambridge University Press; 5s.). Here again I find my enjoyment of a fascinating subject slightly marred by the same ten-

dency to self-suppression on the author's part, and avoidance of the explicit regarding her book's purpose, origin, and scope. It seems unlikely that a slender volume of this size could be exhaustive, but we are not told one way or the other, or what (if any) were the limits of selection. Other questions that arise are—is the book a novelty, in subject or treatment, and what is its relation to previous works?—for what class of reader is it intended?—how far is it the result of the author's travels and observations?

Erudition, scholarship, and breadth of view are apparent on every page. Thus, in a section on *Animal Romances* she writes: "The idea of endowing animals with the characteristics of human beings, and causing them to enact imaginary dramas which satirise the faults of men, has been popular with writers of all ages and nations, from Æsop to Uncle Remus and from La Fontaine to Walt Disney, and as yet shows no sign of losing its power to please. . . . The story of Reynard was essentially a popular romance; it parodied the tales of chivalry and afforded an admirable medium for satirising the abuses of contemporary society. In fact, the carvers played a part not unlike that of the political cartoonists of to-day."

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

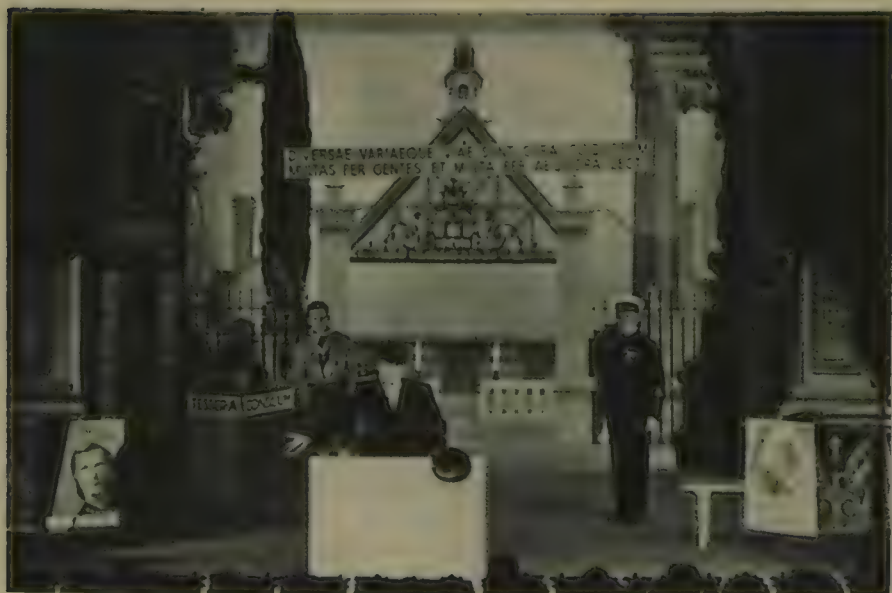
When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

and Frenchmen were to study the German character, they could still prevent the war which is now threatening."

From the general reader's point of view, the most piquant part of Herr Ludwig's book is the chapter contrasting the personalities of Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini. The author's proposed method of preventing another war is, briefly stated, co-operation by France, Britain, and the United States. "The peace of Europe," he writes, "is only to be preserved by means of a terrible and solemn threat, which the three powerful democracies unite to express in the form of a new Holy Alliance. . . . The chiefs of the States must come forward in the simplest way on some suitable day, possibly Christmas or New Year's Day, and declare themselves a unanimous group of respected conspirators for world peace. When I made this suggestion a year ago to the leading men in the three capitals, it was too early for America to join in. Now, when the scheme can be realised, I publicly place it before this nation for discussion."

It may be some time, perhaps, before the world learns the full inner story of the 1938 Crisis, through the



AN INCIDENT IN THE EPILOGUE TO THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL LATIN PLAY: THE PRIME MINISTER RETURNS FROM MUNICH WITH AN OLIVE-WREATH.

The "Phormio" of Terence was the Westminster School Latin Play for this year, and the first performance was given on December 17. Domestic and public events in the past year formed the subject matter of the Prologue and Epilogue—the latter referred to the Crisis and represented the Prime Minister as returning from Munich with an olive-wreath and a painting given him by the Führer.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF NOTE: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO BE SELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: MRS. E. M. LOWE, A WELL-KNOWN SOCIALIST EDUCATIONIST.

Mrs. E. M. Lowe, a well-known educationist, was nominated by the Labour Party on the London County Council, on December 20, to be Chairman during the coming year—the Council's jubilee year. This is the first time a woman has been selected Chairman of the Council. The election takes place in March. She has been a member of the L.C.C. since 1922. (Elliott and Fry.)



ELECTED M.P. IN THE KINROSS AND WEST PERTHSHIRE BY-ELECTION: MR. W. MCNAIR SNADDEN (RIGHT).

The result of the Kinross and West Perthshire by-election was announced on December 22. Mr. W. M. Snadden (Con.) was elected with a majority of 1313 over his opponent, the Duchess of Atholl, who was standing as an Independent. The election was fought on the issue of Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy. (Keystone.)



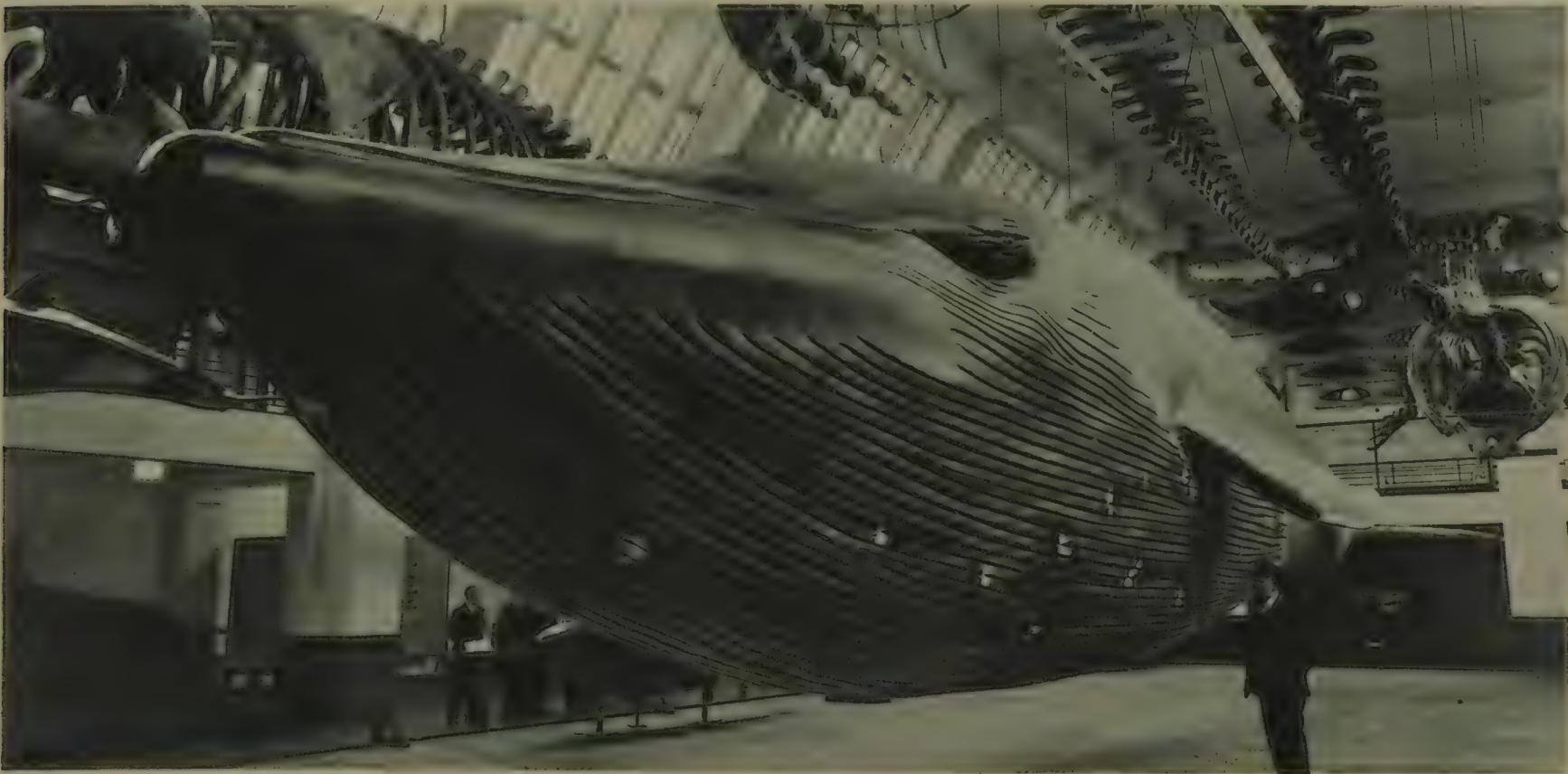
A ROYAL GIFT TO THE POOR OF WINDSOR: SACKS OF COAL BEING DELIVERED FOR CHRISTMAS.

The King's annual Christmas gift of coal was distributed recently to the poor of Windsor. Our photograph shows Mrs. Mary Maidment and Mrs. J. Newman signing for coal delivered at the Victoria Alms Houses—a really welcome gift, which was greatly appreciated during the cold weather which preceded the Festival. (Planet.)



FIVE GIANT PANDAS ARRIVE IN LONDON FOR THE ZOO—THE FIRST SEEN IN EUROPE.

Five Giant Pandas, four of which are adult, arrived in London on December 22. They are the first to be seen in Europe. Major Floyd Tangier-Smith, the explorer, captured them in Western China and one, at least, is expected to remain at the London Zoo where they are being accommodated for the present. (Wide World.)



THE LIFE-SIZE MODEL OF A BLUE WHALE ON EXHIBITION: A NEW SPECIMEN IN THE WHALE HALL AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, MEASURING SOME NINETY FEET IN LENGTH, WHICH TOOK OVER A YEAR TO BUILD ON A "SKELETON" OF WOOD AND WIRE NETTING.

For over a year visitors to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, have been able to see, in the Whale Hall, the various stages in the construction of a life-size model of a Blue whale. The work was completely finished three weeks ago and this remarkable model is now on exhibition, suspended from the ceiling by chains. It represents a Blue whale over ninety feet long and weighs four tons, as compared with the ninety to one hundred tons of an actual specimen. A

preliminary model was made in clay on a scale of one inch to a foot from data obtained by the "Discovery" Expedition and from other sources. A framework of strips of wood was then constructed on a life-size scale and this was covered with wire netting. An outer coating of canvas and plaster was then applied and the surface was carefully modelled. It was then painted a natural colour. Our photograph shows the completed model on exhibition. (L.N.A.)

WHERE OUR COLDEST WINTER SEEMS MILD:—"ABSOLUTE ZERO" APPROACHED IN A LABORATORY, WITH 490 DEGREES OF FROST!



AIR LIQUEFIED BY INTENSE COLD: A TRANSFORMATION THAT TAKES PLACE AT 181 DEGREES CENTIGRADE BELOW ZERO, A MODERATE DEGREE OF COLD COMPARED WITH SOME ACHIEVED AT LEIDEN LOW-TEMPERATURE RESEARCH LABORATORIES.



LIQUID HYDROGEN POURED FROM A THERMOS FLASK INTO A GLASS AND "STEAMING": A GAS LIQUEFIED AT 253 DEGREES CENTIGRADE BELOW ZERO (REPRESENTING SOME 455 DEGREES OF FROST ON THE FAHRENHEIT SCALE), AT LEIDEN.



EXPERIMENTING WITH RUBBER AT VERY LOW TEMPERATURES AT LEIDEN: THRESHING A RUBBER TUBE INTO A THERMOS FLASK FILLED WITH LIQUID AIR, WHICH IS SEEN "STEAMING" FROM THE MOUTH.



THE CURIOUS RESULT OF IMMERSING RUBBER IN LIQUID AIR: FRAGMENTS OF A TUBE WHICH HAS LOST ALL ITS ELASTICITY AND CAN BE CRACKED LIKE BRITTLE FARTHENWARE.



HAMMERING NAILS WITH A MERCURY HAMMER: THE MERCURY HAVING BEEN SOLIDIFIED AND "FROZEN" ON TO THE HANDLE BY POURING LIQUID HYDROGEN OVER IT.



THE MERCURY HAMMER MELTS!—THE "FROZEN" METAL, AFTER BEING EXPOSED TO ORDINARY TEMPERATURES FOR A FEW MINUTES, BEGINNING TO REVERT TO ITS USUAL LIQUID STATE.



A FURTHER STEP TOWARDS ABSOLUTE ZERO AT LEIDEN: A FLASK OF LIQUID HELIUM (A GAS WHICH ONLY LIQUEFIES AT 268 DEGREES CENTIGRADE BELOW ZERO) EMITTING ICE-COLD VAPOUR.



THE COLDEST SPOT IN THE WORLD: A VACUUM FLASK IN WHICH A TEMPERATURE ONLY A FRACTION ABOVE ABSOLUTE ZERO WAS ATTAINED (REPRESENTING SOME 190 DEGREES OF FROST), BY EXPOSING LIQUID HELIUM TO A MAGNETIC FIELD.

The coldest spot in the world is not to be found at the North Pole, nor at the South Pole. It is contained in a thermos flask at Leiden, Holland, at the famous Kamerlingh-Onnes Laboratories for Low Temperature Research. This Institute, whose head has been distinguished twice by the Nobel Prize, is determined to reach a thing which has never before been reached by

Science: Absolute Zero. Absolute Zero—that is, the lack of any amount of warmth whatever—is, in terms of temperature, 273.12 degrees Celsius below 0, or about 491 degrees of frost in common English parlance. They are not far from it at Leiden. The lowest temperature obtained so far is -273.076 degrees Centigrade—which means that only 44.1000th degrees are in between Absolute

Zero and the present result. Nothing like these temperatures is actually found outside laboratories. The lowest actual temperature on earth is about minus 50 degrees Celsius (88° degrees of frost!). Professor Keesen, a famous Dutch scientist, was the first man to succeed in producing a temperature as low as 272.41 C. under zero. He achieved this after discovering that further

reductions could only be obtained by reducing the pressure on the material experimented with. The man who has given the world the lowest temperature ever obtained is Professor W. J. de Haas. He produced a temperature that was merely a fraction above Absolute Zero—this being brought about by exposing liquid helium to the magnetic field of a gigantic magnet.

THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

HANDEL AND "THE MESSIAH."

By FRANCIS TOYE.



GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL: AN OLD PORTRAIT, ATTRIBUTED TO HUDSON, IN WHICH THE COMPOSER IS SHOWN HOLDING THE MUSIC OF "THE MESSIAH."

"The Messiah" was written down in twenty-three days, in August and September 1741. It was first given at Dublin in 1742, where it was instantaneously successful. In London, however, it fell somewhat flat until 1750, when Handel inaugurated the organ he had presented to the Foundling Hospital with this oratorio.

AT this season of the year the British Isles abound with performances of "The Messiah," Handel's masterpiece, and one of the greatest musical works ever penned. It figures in the repertory of every choral society, large or small; the Christmas music is sung by almost every choir with any claim to musical consideration. In itself this is a good thing, and I would not have it otherwise, for the country which can claim music of this calibre as part of its national birthright must be accounted exceptionally fortunate. It is possible, however, to be too complacent in the deductions to be drawn from this phenomenon. For instance, this country still imagines that it is *par excellence* the home of Handel; it is nothing of the kind. To begin with, the people of England seem to have lapsed into a tacit assumption that "The Messiah" is the only work of Handel worth hearing—a piece of sheer stupidity that will be discussed later. Secondly, their attitude to "The Messiah" itself is not really musical at all, but traditional.

In this connection, Mr. Streatfield, in his excellent book on Handel, wrote as follows: "The stupendous masterpiece in which Handel released Christianity from the bondage of fact and wrote the romance of human redemption in characters of immortal fire is now degraded to the level of a mild digestive which helps the struggling Nonconformist to tide over the festivities of Christmas. The ceremony of attending a performance of 'The Messiah' is to the average Englishman as immutable a Christmas institution as going to church or eating a slice of turkey. If you tell him that 'The Messiah' is a work of art you will either amuse or shock him. A work of art, indeed—he would as soon apply the phrase to a plum-pudding!"

Making allowance for the fact that the Nonconformist conscience is considerably less in evidence nowadays than it was in 1909 when Mr. Streatfield wrote his book, the indictment still hits the nail exactly on the head. Really satisfactory performances of "The Messiah" are very much the exception rather than the rule. Either the soloists are inadequate or the chorus is lazy; the recitatives are almost invariably sung too slowly, and the orchestra usually plays with a mechanical indifference that would have driven Handel into one of those outbursts of temper for which he was renowned.

Some twelve years ago, as many will still remember, Beecham sponsored a performance of "The Messiah" that electrified London. It was one of the

greatest of the great services he has rendered to English music. Some of his tempi on that occasion may legitimately have been criticised for being too fast, though, in fact, it was the strictness of the rhythm, rather than the rapidity of the pace, that gave an impression of unaccustomed speed. No one, however, denied that by that one performance Beecham divested Handel's colossal masterpiece of the dust and the cobwebs of two centuries. It stood out once again in all its magnificence, in all the vividness of its original colouring. Some of us who were fortunate enough to be present will not easily forget that evening—one of the most memorable of our musical lives. Much water, however, has flowed under the bridges of the Thames since then. Some conductors who heard this performance, or others under Beecham's direction, thought to obtain similar results merely by accelerating the tempi, succeeding only in adding confusion to flaccidity. Others, deeming Beecham a heretic, paid little or no attention to the glowing accounts of what he had accomplished. Most, in all probability, never even knew that anything had been accomplished at all. In any event, at the present time, so far as nineteen out of twenty performances of "The Messiah" are concerned, we seem to be back almost exactly where we were.

The fact of the matter is that "The Messiah" has become an example of traditionalism at its worst. Our whole attitude to the work needs overhauling. Will somebody start a league for *not* standing up during the Hallelujah Chorus? That would be a beginning, at any rate. The tradition of standing up during that particular chorus provides, in fact, an excellent illustration of the difference between what Handel was and what the English imagine him to be. Nine people out of ten have some vague idea, in all probability, that it is an act of reverence; it is not even supposed to be anything of the kind. The story is, of course, that King George III. was so excited by the wonderful music that he rose from his seat, and that the audience, in accordance with the dictates of etiquette, had to follow his example. Very likely the story is apocryphal; if so, it is a singularly felicitous invention. For vitality and strength are among the outstanding characteristics of Handel's music. "When he chooses," said Mozart, "he strikes like a thunderbolt."

Handel was not quintessentially a reflective composer, like Bach; he delighted in characterisation and colour, and, above all, in a simple directness of method that, for sheer effectiveness, has probably never been equalled in the history of music. In short, Handel, though in private

life he may have been a wholly orthodox Christian and was indubitably a model of virtue, was in æsthetics a thoroughgoing pagan. This æsthetic paganism of Handel consists in the fact that he belonged, temperamentally, to the Renaissance, which was decidedly a pagan movement. I am aware, of course, that chronologically the Renaissance was a closed chapter by the middle of the eighteenth century; but music, it has been well observed, is always a century or so behind the times, and Handel, with his multiple activities, his vitality, his astonishing range, seems to me essentially what the Germans call a "Renaissanceman."

So "The Messiah" is the work of a great poet, not of a great pietist; its composer is akin to Michael Angelo rather than to Fra Angelico. If the story about George III. is true, he understood the nature of Handel's music far better than the Victorians, the Edwardians, and the Neo-Georgians, who have copied his actions rather than his emotions. If they really felt Handel as they profess to feel him they would sink on their knees, not rise to their feet, for they claim Handel as an edifying, not an exciting, composer. Unfortunately, this claim has done Handel (who would have been the last person in the world to put it forward) a great deal of harm. "The Messiah," it has been said, has killed the rest of Handel, and the bubble of the Sunday-go-to-meeting nature of "The Messiah" has long ago been pricked for all those who know anything about music. As a consequence, Handel is, so to say, having the worst of both worlds. I would be the last to deny the deeply felt piety underlying "The Messiah," but nothing can obscure the fact that it is first and foremost great drama, of epic proportions, exceptionally intense, exceptionally vivid.

How should it be otherwise when we remember that visual imagination was one of the most marked of Handel's attributes. Many people remember how he thought actually to see the heavens opened and the whole glory of the heavenly host while he was writing the Hallelujah Chorus. Nor was this an isolated instance. To quote Mr. Streatfield again, while writing his famous chorus of Devil Dancers in "Jephtha": "He saw with the inward eye the high places of Canaan, 'the dismal dance around the furnace blue'." Inevitably the music of a composer such as this is, or should be, exciting. To try to turn it and him into a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon entertainment is to do violence to everything that is most valuable in both. So, gentle reader, by all means go and hear "The Messiah" this Christmastide, but insist that it be the genuine article and make no end of a fuss if it is not.



NEW YORK'S EQUIVALENT OF COVENT GARDEN: THE AUDITORIUM OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE ON THE OPENING NIGHT OF A SEASON, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE STAGE. (Wide World.)



When you're too tired to sleep—
There's nothing like
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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE LATEST BOOK ON EL GRECO.*

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

less enjoyed before very long, and books such as this will surely help to spread the gospel.

Born in 1541, El Greco probably fled to Venice in 1566 from the menace of the Turks, who captured Chios and Naxos in that year and threatened his native island. There he studied the work of Titian, of Jacopo Bassano, and of Tintoretto, and the spirit of all three is reflected in his early work, so much so that many a hopeful owner of a Tintoretto-like picture

the exile from Crete discovered a world reflecting the strange image of his own mind, and proceeded to the interpretation of his dreams—and it is this dream-like quality, which makes its own rules, if not its own logic, which is responsible for the disturbing and exciting character of his work. "His later works can perhaps be explained in their technique, but not in their visible content, that is in their spirit. As dreams have their coherence and their

reason, which yet are not the causal connection and logic of waking, so these pictures have their own linear and colour organism. For these limb-twistings and elongations there is no wherefore, for these black and coloured shadows, for this quivering storm light no other meaning than the impression they create." Fifty years ago the critic Carl Justi, who disliked El Greco, as did most other people, wrote this: "In the grip of a heavy dream he seems to drive the brush, exhibiting the distorted incubus of his over-heated brain as revelation. With feverish fingers he creates model figures as if out of rubber, which he hangs up in front of him; with wild flourishes, without modelling or outline, on one plane, but in marvellous symmetrical arrangement, with water-blue and sulphur-yellow as his favourite colours, finally with white and blackish violet, he hurls them on to the canvas." The odd thing is that these words, written in dispraise, seem to us to-day to be part of a panegyric, so greatly has taste altered within half a century, and so normal do we think it for the gods to afflict their servants with what the world calls madness.

Among other virtues of this book is a series of details from large pictures—following the complete "Burial of Count Orgaz," for example, are ten plates illustrating portions of this great picture, varying from half to a quarter the actual size of the original. These add enormously to the value of the compilation, for in them one can see subtleties of brush-work and tones which are necessarily lost on a smaller scale. Incidentally, one would like to be assured that this wonderful work (by many held to



"THE BURIAL OF THE COUNT OF ORGAZ"; BY EL GRECO (1541-1614): A PICTURE GENERALLY CONSIDERED TO BE THE ARTIST'S MASTERPIECE, AND DEPICTING THE COUNT BEING LAID TO REST BY ST. STEPHEN AND ST. AUGUSTINE.



DETAIL FROM "THE BURIAL OF THE COUNT OF ORGAZ": THE HEADS OF TWO OF THE NOBLE MOURNERS; THAT ON THE LEFT BEING A SUPPOSED SELF-PORTRAIT OF EL GRECO.

overcome. Fine words and fine sounds are readily appreciated; fine paint in all its subtlety will be no

is tempted prematurely to proclaim to the world that he is the proud discoverer of an El Greco of the Venetian period. He made his mark, for a letter exists from the miniature painter, Julio Clovio, recommending him to the attention of Cardinal Alessandro Farnese in the following words: "A young Candiotte has appeared in Rome, a pupil of Titian, who, so far as I can judge, is unique in painting; among other things, he has painted a self-portrait that confounds all the painters in Rome." That was in 1570. In 1577 he came to Toledo, and there he remained till his death in 1614; he found no peace, but he found himself. A striking phrase in the introduction provides the key to the years of his finest work: "Philip II. was more Catholic than the Pope, Toledo more ecclesiastical than Rome." In this atmosphere

of religious fanaticism, untouched by the more humane spirit of the Italian Renaissance, dominated by a sombre theocracy, and illumined to the point of blindness by the mysticism of St. Teresa of Avila, and the harsh legacy of St. Ignatius de Loyola (the former died in 1582, the latter in 1556),



DETAIL FROM "THE BURIAL OF THE COUNT OF ORGAZ": THE HEAD OF THE PAGE FOR WHICH JORGE MANUEL, THE ARTIST'S SON, POSED.

(Reproductions from "El Greco," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George Allen and Unwin.)

be El Greco's masterpiece), in the church of San Tomé at Toledo, has escaped the tragic happenings of the civil war; few things in Spain are more precious possessions of the nation, or indeed of Europe.

* "El Greco." Phaidon Edition, London; (George Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.). With 232 Plates in Photogravure and 13 Plates in Colours.

This England . . .



The Roman Wall near Housteads

THIS country is not unlike some great brewhouse—into it there go elements of different kinds and out there comes something different—something exclusively our own, made and mellowed in our special way. There was Rome, direct, forceful, making its boundaries with the spade and not the pen. There were the wild Northerners and Jutland farmers with new laws, new customs and new seamanship. Lastly, the solid Norman, building and ordering. Dominants all, yet what they have produced is—England. None of these made England of themselves, any more than barley and hops and yeast make Worthington—it is the craft of brewing, the art of balance and of discard, of slow maturing to a mellow strength, that makes of this very English thing a mirror of the whole.





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M & C

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"UNDER SUSPICION," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

THERE haven't been a great many of what the New York critics call the "whodunit" plays lately. That is, a play that has no concern with art, humanity, or anything save a desire to keep one guessing as to who has committed a particular crime. Therefore, as this one has the virtue of comparative novelty it may have some chance of success. The authors call their play a "comedy-thriller." But all it has by way of comedy is an elderly office-cleaner who ejaculates "Blimey!" whenever it is deemed the audience want a good laugh. The chief character is "The Boss"—one of those mysterious beings, known only to the stage underworld, who are never seen, but whose word is law—at its most illegal. He spends most of his time hidden in a safe. An extremely obvious safe, so that one was surprised when the detectives, who tried to break it open, expressed amazement that it was made of steel. However, the police, as always in plays of this type, were a very unintelligent lot. "The Boss" appeared in four disguises, but never once did they detect any resemblance in his impersonations. Yet experienced first-nighters, despite the excellent acting of Mr. Walter Fitzgerald, were never in doubt as to the identity of the entire quartet. Miss Ann Trevor looked charming as a Cockney girl who thought every restaurant slow where she couldn't be sure of a "pick-up."

"NUMBER SIX," AT THE ALDWYCH.

This adaptation of the late Edgar Wallace's novel is as good a mystery-comedy as even that master of the craft had ever made. From the moment that the hero shot the detective in cold blood, the holiday audience wanted to hiss him, despite the easy charm of manner Mr. Bernard Lee gave him. One felt, too, that the drama was becoming regrettably amoral when the adapters allowed Miss Rosalyn Boulter to fall in love with him. Black is black and white is white, as any melodrama lover will tell you, so that callous murderers are not the sort of men we (slightly fat and going-bald members of society) thought such a nice girl should give her heart to. There are thrills enough, including a supposed corpse rising inopportunely from the grave and shooting the cause of his death just at the moment he was gloating over the demise. Incidentally, we are shown a sort of searchlight revolver that from now on no criminal should be without on a dark night. Mr. Gordon Harker has never been better; he has a laugh in nearly every line. Mr. Franklin Dyall, kid-gloved and malacca-caned, as the suavest criminals in theatrical history always have been, got a nice ripe, but not too fruity, malignancy into his tone.

"DOORLAY'S CHRISTMAS ROCKET," AT THE COLISEUM.

This is a mingling of theatre, circus, and music hall. It is certainly the fastest thing, in the way of entertainment, on earth. A turn a minute, practically. The star of the show is Miss, Mlle., or Señorita Ruth Hasse. She seems to sing in every known language, so that it is difficult to hazard a guess as to her nationality. She not only sings like an operatic star, tames leopards, loops the loop on an illuminated bicycle, but dances with an abandon that would make the can-can dancers of the "Naughty 'Nineties" feel themselves muscle-bound by comparison. This is not a show for all tastes, but for the normal person it is a delightfully rowdy, go-as-you-please entertainment.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE Automobile Club of France has paid Great Britain a very high compliment. *L'Action Automobile*, the official organ of the Club, states: "We have the great joy to make known to our colleagues that his Majesty George VI. has deigned to do us the great honour of accepting the title of High Protector of the Automobile Club of France." History repeats itself, as evidently our King has further cemented, by his recent visit to Paris, the *entente cordiale* founded by his grandfather, the late King Edward VII. The Automobile Club de France is the oldest and first motoring club in the world, so it is particularly pleasing to British motorists that the Club has asked our King to be the first holder of its highest official appointment.

France is going to participate in the Grand Prix racing events in 1939, as it has been decided by the French Talbot directors to organise a racing team of three cars, with reserve and practice cars as well. This decision results from the subsidy received from the French Government in support of racing as providing a sure means of improvement in automobile design and construction for ordinary standard cars. Lord Howe and other racing drivers are hoping that England will follow this example and that 3-litre Grand Prix racing cars will be built here to take part in such events. At the moment we only build 1½-litre and smaller racing machines, such as the famous Austin "Sevens" and M.G. "Magnettes." Whether the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, supported by our Royal Automobile Club, will persuade the British Government to make a grant for this construction remains to be seen, but, as Lord Nuffield recently stated, no one British motor-manufacturer can do this without financial aid in the form of a subsidy.

Our 1939 cars show considerable improvement on those models which they replace in the catalogues of British motor-manufacturers. Take the new Morris "Eight" Series E saloon as an example, which is most up to date in its design and performance. By the adoption of a counterbalanced crankshaft, smoother running and greater power have been developed by this 8-h.p. four-cylinder 918-c.c. capacity engine. The new four-speed gear-box is another improvement, as it allows a better set of ratios, which give drivers greater opportunities for using the third speed for accelerating and ascending hills, faster than a top-gear would permit. As for fuel consumption, that so depends on the load and the speed at which the car is driven on any journey that it ranges from 35 to 40 miles to the gallon by my reckoning, and it does not seem to make much difference whether the route taken is hilly or flat, so well does this car travel on the road.

Gear-changing is easy on this Morris "Eight" Series E saloon, as both second and third are synchromesh, with helical gear-wheels, so the driver can make quick changes without long pauses for the gears to synchronise their speed. I again have to urge purchasers of this excellent car to fit wing-posts on either side, as the driver cannot see the edges of the wings in the ordinary driving position. This Morris "Eight" has also a wider track than the previous model, and gives greater comfort and space to its users. Costing well within the £150 mark, it is remarkably good value for its price, with its general useful qualities for both town and country.

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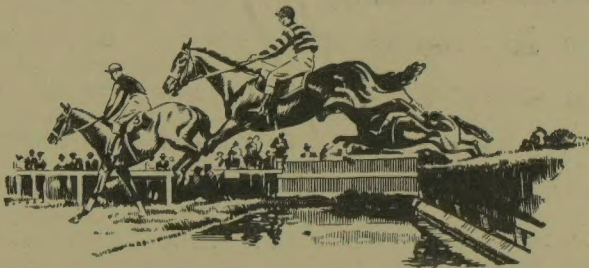
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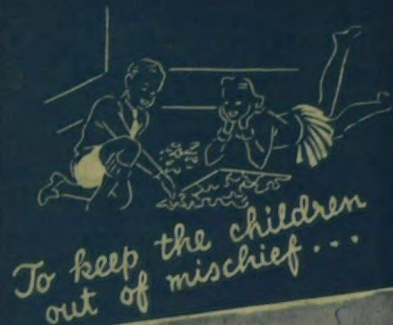
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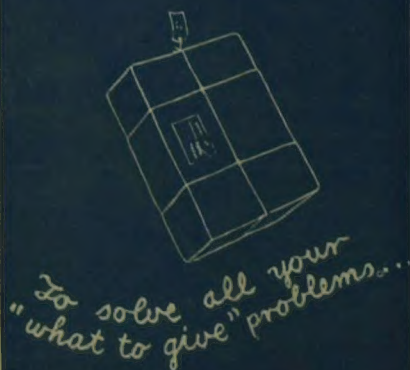
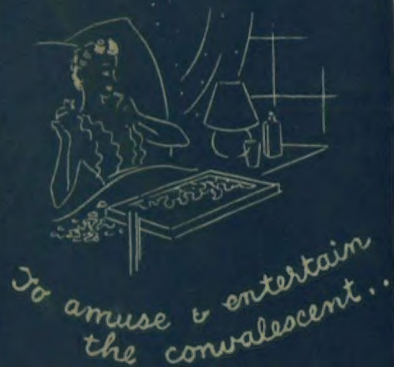


A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti" by Fortunino Matania, R.I., is shown alongside.

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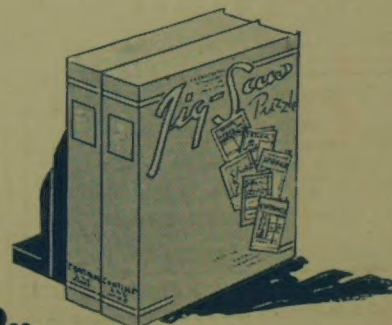
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